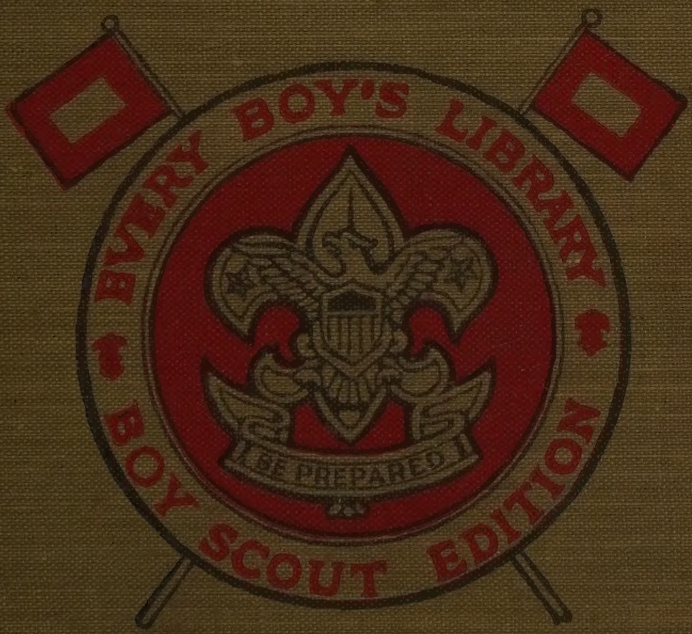
# THROUGH COLLEGE ON NOTHING A YEAR




CHRISTIAN GAUSS

359

Harold P. Canon.

January 1929.

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TO THE PUBLIC:-

In the execution of its purpose to give educational value and moral worth to the recreational activities of the boyhood of America, the leaders of the Boy Scout Movement quickly learned that to effectively carry out its program, the boy must be influenced not only in his out-of-door life but also in the diversions of his other leisure moments. It is at such times that the boy is captured by the tales of daring enterprises and adventurous good times. What now is needful is not that his taste should be thwarted but trained. There should constantly be presented to him the books the boy likes best, yet always the books that will be best for the boy. As a matter of fact, however, the boy's taste is being constantly vitiated and exploited by the great mass of cheap juvenile literature.

To help anxiously concerned parents and educators to meet this grave peril, the Library Commission of the Boy Scouts of America has been organized. EVERY BOY'S LIBRARY is the result of their labors. All the books chosen have been approved by them. The Commission is composed of the following members: George F. Bowerman, Librarian, Public Library of the District of Columbia, Washington, D. C.; Harrison W. Graver, Librarian, Carnegie Library of Pittsburgh, Pa.; Claude G. Leland, Superintendent, Bureau of Libraries, Board of Education, New York City;

Edward F. Stevens, Librarian, Pratt Institute Free Library, Brooklyn, New York, together with the Editorial Board of our Movement, William D. Murray, George D. Pratt and Frank Presbrey, with Franklin K. Mathiews, Chief Scout Librarian, as Secretary.

In selecting the books, the Commission has chosen only such as are of interest to boys, the first twenty-five being either works of fiction or stirring stories of adventurous experiences. In later lists, books of a more serious sort will be included. It is hoped that as many as twenty-five may be added to the Library each year.

Thanks are due the several publishers who have helped to inaugurate this new department of our work. Without their co-operation in making available for popular priced editions some of the best books ever published for boys, the promotion of EVERY BOY'S LIBRARY would have been impossible.

We wish, too, to express our heartiest gratitude to the Library Commission, who, without compensation, have placed their vast experience and immense resources at the service of our Movement.

The Commission invites suggestions as to future books to be included in the Library. Librarians, teachers, parents, and all others interested in welfare work for boys, can render a unique service by forwarding to National Headquarters lists of such books as in their judgment would be suitable for EVERY BOY'S LIBRARY.

Signed

James E. West

Chief Scout Executive

# THROUGH COLLEGE ON NOTHING A YEAR

"I WAS DEAD IN EARNEST ABOUT GETTING INTO PRINCETON. SO I DECIDED I WOULD GO UP AND TALK TO THE PROFS."

EVERY BOY'S LIBRARY—BOY SCOUT EDITION

# THROUGH COLLEGE ON NOTHING A YEAR

*LITERALLY RECORDED*
*FROM A STUDENT'S STORY*

BY

CHRISTIAN GAUSS

ILLUSTRATED

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A POOR RETURN FOR SERVICE RICHLY GIVEN, THIS PLAIN ACCOUNT OF LIFE AT PRINCETON UNIVERSITY IS DEDICATED BY BOTH THE SPEAKER AND HIS SCRIBE TO THAT LOYAL SON OF HIS *ALMA MATER*, GEORGE McFARLANE GALT, IN RECOGNITION

# PREFACE

THE reader of this volume is eavesdropping on what we hope will prove to be for him an interesting and profitable story of real life. And this brief preface is designed to apprise him more fully of his privileges and status.

The informality of the following narrative will in all probability be a sufficient indication that the experiences here so frankly revealed were not in the first instance intended for any larger public, or for a public at all. Such is indeed the case. Had I at that time intimated to the very busy and matter-of-fact young man here concerned that he was to become the "hero" of a printed book, I feel sure that in spite of old acquaintance he would have looked upon me askance and have avoided my questions with suspicion. Of any such fate he had, for these times, a somewhat unusually healthy horror. I feel it my duty, therefore, to remove this seeming curse

which, as a result of unforeseen circumstances I have in a sort brought upon him; for it should be understood at the outset that the story is now presented with the narrator's as well as the writer's sanction.

A whole school of philosophers holds that there can be no changes in our world which are not somehow known or experienced by the human mind and soul. Man, they tell us, is the measure of all things. This problem, in deference, we must leave with them. It will be plain even to the lay mind, however, that conditions in colleges cannot change, or even exist, without affecting the lives of individual students, and as a result of this embarrassing fact, which a philosopher might have foreseen but which we did not, what began as an impersonal investigation of conditions has become this frankly personal narrative and confession.

A university publication had planned a series of articles on the opportunities offered to and the methods employed by that increasing number of students who are earning their way through college. In gathering the facts for such an investi-

gation I naturally turned to students so situated, and in particular to the young man of our story, for he was well known to me personally and had at this time nearly finished his college course with no assistance from outside. With him I had a number of most informal conferences on nearly all the phases of this problem, and he very willingly told me of his own ventures and experiences, believing that he could thus be of assistance to others who were or would later be in a position like his own; for many of his difficulties were due, as his story will show, to ignorance of conditions which he was called upon to face, and which he indicated and explained. Unknown and with no prospect of financial assistance, he had, as the result of a boyish determination, suddenly found himself upon a college campus, where, in an utterly strange world, like the man from Mars, he for some time had the sense of being an interloper in a stranger's house. He labored under yet other handicaps particularly severe, which even an American lad of foreign parentage, born in the slums, would not be called upon to face. These he never discussed but ac-

cepted so much as a matter of course that no hint of them is conveyed in his cheerful narrative. Suffice it to say that his case was extreme; it presented every possible difficulty and the odds could not have been heavier against him. Evidently, if he could succeed, the way was open to any young man of equal determination, though it should be added that his was a determination and fixity of purpose by no means common. I soon realized that in his own experience he had confronted and solved practically every problem which we were investigating, and which might confront the poor boy looking forward to a university education.

As truth is stranger than fiction and more interesting than statistics, I was convinced that his own story would be far more significant and of greater value than any articles of mine might ever hope to be, and I repeatedly urged him to write it. This his modesty refused to allow him to do. He offered no objection, however, to my making use of the material he had placed in my hands, in case it was felt that it would be of value and interest to others.

As a result of our series of friendly and informal conferences and a goodly amount of questioning, he had now given me, at one time and another, a fairly complete account of his life in college, with sudden and illuminating glimpses of the world from which he had come. Before proceeding with the original plans I prepared for my own guidance a connected account, in his own words, of his story as he had given it to me. I was more than ever convinced that this story would be a greater help and a safer guide to young men than any mere record of the difficulties to be met and the possible methods of meeting them. At my very earnest request he therefore gave his consent to allow it to be placed before the graduates of his university and it was published in instalments in the *Princeton Alumni Weekly*.

Its appearance there has aroused much favorable comment and discussion. Apart from the information conveyed to the young man struggling against difficulties for admission to the university world, and apart from its value as a human document, it gave so new and significant an answer to the question so frequently put: "What

is a college education worth?" and "What does it cost?" that numerous requests have been received for its publication in permanent form. To these requests from many unknown friends the original narrator has now generously acceded, and the story in its present form is printed with his permission and sanction. For the informal manner of presentation, the frequent use of slang, and the generally familiar style no further explanation or excuse is therefore offered, and it is, of course, understood that the expressions employed and the opinions offered are his and not mine.

Although it may convey to the reader the impression that he is overhearing a private conversation, I did not feel free to depart from the familiar colloquial tone employed by the original narrator. As eavesdroppers are the best listeners and as stories, especially true stories of real life thus overheard, have the added savor of stolen sweets, this will, we believe, work no hardship to the public. Sensitive readers are, however, reassured that they are now invited and accredited eavesdroppers, and the present writer hopes that the story here

frankly and faithfully recounted will afford them the same pleasure and satisfaction which he himself experienced when in the same words and style it was first told him by his younger friend.

CHRISTIAN GAUSS.

PRINCETON, N. J., June, 1915.

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# Through College on Nothing a Year

## CHAPTER I

### FROM STREET GAMIN TO FRESHMAN

#### The Finest Four Years of His Life

You'd like to know what it feels like to go through college on nothing a year from home? It will be pretty hard to make any one understand who hasn't done it, and I'll have to tell you a good many things that I don't care to make public. But if you mean, "Is it a hard thing to do?" or, "Am I sorry that I did it?" I can say right off the bat: "A thousand times no." So I want to tell you at the start, and I want to make it emphatic, that if at any time you get the idea that I have had a poor time in college, you get a false impression. In this little town and on this campus I have had the finest four years of my life, and I would not trade it for anything

that ever came before, or, so far as I can see, for any four years that will ever come after.

How did I ever get the notion of coming to college? Well, that's pretty hard to say. There was a time in my life when I didn't know that such a thing as a college existed. I first learned that there were colleges from the sporting pages of the newspapers, and there were three of them that I heard about particularly, Yale and Harvard and Princeton, not because they were the best universities, necessarily, but because their athletic teams received most space in the sporting columns that came under my eye. You must remember that for the most part we self-helpers are not the sons of alumni, and very often, in the world that we come from, there is no college man. That was my case. I was born and raised (if you can say that I was raised) in a somewhat disreputable Jersey suburb of New York, famous for its goats and slums. I came from the slums. I have just now come back from a slumming trip of the social-economics class. That trip didn't teach me anything. It was a dead loss.

## A New Heaven and a New Earth

The East Side slums that we visited are not one, two, three with the slums in which I was brought up. I'd like to tell you a little about this, because one of the difficulties you men have in understanding us lies in the fact that you can't even imagine what the world looks like to us before we get here, and how different it looks to us when we leave. Four years here literally give us a new heaven and a new earth. That one change is worth all my college career cost me. And, as a matter of fact, it didn't cost me anything, because I should have had to earn my own way even if I had never come to Princeton. My education has been handed me on a gold platter.

Yes, I was arrested twice. Each "prison term" was a one-night stand. It was during a very bad winter, and for three weeks we lived literally on bread and water, and occasionally that diet had to be simplified for a day or two. The combination of freezing and starving, and general low spirits while the father is going around look-

ing for a job, tends to make you forget the somewhat artificial distinction between *meum* and *tuum*. Why should we not be warm when others were and when down in the yards firemen, out of overflowing fire-boxes, were raking the red-hot coals, and when trains went through carrying cars so full that they overflowed with what would never be used? As children we used to pick up the loose bits or follow at a discreet distance when they raked out the fires, put out the glow with snow or water, wait for it to cool, and bring home the half-burnt lumps of coke.

My older brother and I were down along the tracks, and I was trudging along with what for me was a pretty heavy bag of half-burnt coal. The railroad detective came up from behind. We were afraid of him because he had killed his man. My brother noticed him and called to me to run; and we both dropped our bags and made off. I was a little fellow and it may be that I wouldn't have beaten him. But that race was not to be to the swift. He pulled his gun on us and yelled: "Stop, or I'll shoot." I stopped. My brother ran. The second shot

hit his shoe and carried off his heel. He looked back, and, seeing that I was arrested, came back to keep me company. We were marched off. There was a queer mixture of brutality and solemnity about that trip to the office of the justice of the peace. Now and then the detective helped me to make haste with his foot. He was trying to impress and frighten me, and all that I remember about that trip is kicks and "petty larceny"—words which my captor uttered very frequently and with an air of great importance. I took it that petty larceny must be some particularly expensive kind of coal.

Now, to me this arrest wasn't complete. I wasn't handcuffed. I had previously believed that this was a regular part of the ceremony, and thought I was being discriminated against because I was a little fellow. Instead, the detective made us walk ahead and he came along behind, gun in hand. The justice of the peace, who I believe gets a certain amount for each case, had us locked up for the night in an old wooden station, where we took turns in trying to sleep on a splintered wooden bench.

Oh, the other arrest wasn't much. It was merely for playing hookey. But it will help to make my point and give you my standpoint at that time if I tell you that my all-too-brief prison experiences were to me a kind of holiday and pleasant surprise. I had always been told that in prison men were fed on mouldy bread-crusts and water. You can imagine my pleasure when, after having spent the night in a relatively warm room, they brought me in the morning a very huge-looking piece of bread and a cup of sweet coffee. Yes, "sweet coffee" was what we called coffee with sugar in it, for ours usually had none. In the afternoon after my nearly regular arrest I was out along the tracks again. These things, therefore, are a part of my background if you wish to see it as I saw it.

Furthermore, it wasn't a hardship to work; I was used to that because I have done it since I was a child. At nine I drove a butcher's cart on a route with thirty-five customers. That was hard work because I wanted to be in the back lot playing baseball, and occasionally I handed some good woman some other good woman's

sausage, which didn't bring me many kind words from the boss. When I was ten I worked in a cemetery all my spare time during the spring and summer and fall. I planted flowers on the graves, two plants for five cents; and watered the little garden plots around the monuments, twelve quarts for a nickel; and cut the grass around and upon the graves, fifteen cents a grave. Why do I remember those prices? Because they were the most important thing in my world.

Now, of course this wasn't exciting for a boy and the environment wasn't cheerful. I tell it to you only that you will understand what the economists would call the state of the money market in my town when I was a boy. Cash wasn't easy.

A little later I worked on a huckster's wagon at twenty-five cents a day, and I tell you they were long days. Nothing makes a day seem so long as work that you don't like. One day the boss, a big, burly chap who was angry because business had been poor, struck me a terrific blow in the kidney and I dropped into the wagon. As we were passing a farmhouse I evidently

came to and groaned in the cart, for an old farmer came out and remonstrated. The boss excused himself, laid it to my misdeeds, and drove on out of sight. Then he accused me of having played the baby act, swore some, knocked me insensible again, and left me in the road. He still owes me two days' pay. Now, you must remember that we make our money a good deal easier than that when we get to college, but we need more money than I did then. But I merely want to let you know why a dollar looks as big as your head to us before we get here.

But how did I get the notion of coming to college? Well, I'm coming to that. You must let me tell my story in my own way. I suppose as a little chap I went to school because it was pleasanter at school than it was to stay around in my neighborhood, and my mother was off working most of the time. I liked it at school; it was a kind of holiday and I hated the idea of leaving it.

So I went on into the high school after a stormy family council in which I agreed to pay my expenses and my board at home. Incident-

ally, I couldn't quite swing that proposition, and there were arrearages before I got through. That's why I came down to college with so little ready cash. In the high school I began to hear and think more about colleges, though without any intention of ever going there. I imagined that every man in college was a big athlete. I had a notion they were all great, strong fellows, all over six feet tall, because the only pictures of college men I had seen were pictures of athletes. Then as I went along in the school I found that one or two of the teachers there were college men; one of them was a Princeton man. I happened to be making a good record and he began to talk college to me. That was the beginning. The idea grew on me, and it had the fascination of something far off. About the same time somebody told me about an Indian who had gone through Princeton on seventy-five dollars a year and a blanket given him by the government. That didn't sound so bad. By the way, did you ever hear about that redskin? He sure was a good Indian. I looked him up after I got here, for I had come to look upon him as a kindred

spirit, but discovered that, like other good Indians, he was a myth. The good as well as the evil that men do seems to live after them, even if they never did it at all, and he was partly responsible for my coming here just the same. I finally got the "hot dope" as to what I would really be up against from a young Princeton graduate, a very fine fellow. I made up my mind I was going to do what the Indian had done. So much for that for the present.

I spoke of how large the dollar looks to us when we first come to college. The university doesn't understand that and it can't be expected that it should. No university does. You question that? Well, let me try to make my point. And at the same time I shall be getting into my story.

When I came to Princeton in the fall I came with three dollars in my pocket. To me that was a lot of money, because it was all I had. That is, three dollars over my railroad fare here and back; and let me call to your attention also that this ride to Princeton, even if it was only fifty miles, was to me what a trip to California would be to some of the other fellows. It was

the longest ride I had ever taken, because I had only been in a train twice before, both times for very short rides, I mean five or ten miles; and a ride on the New York elevated was to me an excursion. That trip to Princeton was an experience. I had heard about the beautiful scenery that you see from the trains. I thought this must be some of it and enjoyed it immensely. I thought the strip of woods that we came through as we drew near Princeton on that September day was the most beautiful scenery I had ever seen, and Princeton itself and the buildings were like a city in a dream. I came down with another chap who was taking his preliminary examinations, and was told that we could get a "cheap" room on Chambers Street with a Mrs. X. We made for Chambers Street. I was business manager of our partnership and I asked about the rooms. She showed us a very small room with one bed for both of us, and she wanted three dollars for the two nights. You think that's cheap? It wasn't cheap for me. When I was on the huckster's wagon room-rent didn't cost me anything, because I didn't have any room.

I slept in a hay-loft. They used to allow me fifteen cents for supper and breakfast. So I shook the dust of Chambers Street from my feet. I honestly thought the woman was trying to "do" me.

### A Lodging for the Night

The first night after our examinations the other fellow and myself bought a couple of newspapers and walked, or rather stumbled, along the railroad tracks to that little six-by-eight waiting-room where the railroad crosses the turnpike at Penn's Neck. It was pitch-dark and was raining hard. Of course I had my best clothes on and so took off my coat because I didn't want to get it wrinkled, spread out the papers, and lay down on the bench in the Penn's Neck station and tried to sleep. But one of the window-panes was broken and the rain came driving in. I took a newspaper and tried to shut out the storm, but it was dark, and we had no matches, and couldn't make it stay. We stuffed loose paper into the broken pane, but it got soft and melted and the rain came splashing in on us all

night long. Still it would have been all right, but every train that came in from the junction stopped in front of the station because they saw us lying on the benches and thought we were prospective passengers. So if my rest was broken it wasn't only because the bench was hard. I was used to that.

Now, the next day I was busy morning and afternoon, and the other fellow had some hours off, so I sent him out scouting, and the second night (it was still raining) we walked down what I have since learned to be Alexander Street, and down there in the Basin somewhere we found a ramshackle deserted house, spread our papers on the floor, and tried to sleep. A man with a lantern approached, and we thought we would either be arrested or have to fight for it. But the danger passed and "Moscow's walls were safe again."

We finished our exams the next morning and I decided to celebrate. We bought two loaves of bread and a pound of bologna sausage, went over behind the cemetery on Witherspoon Street, and had a grand feast.

### Apparent Failure

Things were going fine, but when the results of the examinations came out my name, unlike Abou Ben Adhem's, didn't head the list of the admitted candidates posted in the west end of McCosh. It was not on the list at all, and I thought it was all up. But I saw some notice about an entrance committee and asked what it meant. I realized that I had some chance to make a bicker and I'll tell you I was dead in earnest about getting into Princeton. So I decided I'd go up and talk to the profs. I went over to where the committee on examinations was sitting. There was a big crowd of disappointed candidates like myself waiting, and I noticed that they were calling them up one by one. You can't imagine what "a professor" meant to me. In those days to me he was not only a rare bird, he was a kind of demigod. In all my life I had only seen one college professor on the hoof. That one came to our high school to give an elocution recital when I was a junior.

## The Council of the Gods

Well, here I was in a room full of Princeton professors! They were sitting around a table and it looked to me like the council of the gods on Mount Olympus.

Now, the man who knows the life of the streets can tell more about human psychology than the other fellows. Any newsboy in New York can size up a man far better than the average senior in college. He knows what the chances are of getting a nickel from this fellow or that fellow before he asks, and if he is thrown down it isn't because he doesn't often expect to be thrown down, but because he is willing to take the long chance.

Now, the students who had flunked their examinations were going up in order, the "A's" first. I scanned the faces as each one came out, and I could tell whether he had been turned down cold or whether he had been given some hope, and it was plain to me that only a few of those fellows then coming out were being admitted on trial. So I thought I had a poor chance. But

things were moving very slowly. After a couple of hours they were only up to the "E's," and I saw that at that rate my turn at the end of the alphabet wouldn't come up till the next day.

I began to be afraid I'd have to buy another bologna and stay another night. It seems funny to you? That's my point exactly; the university can't understand that it is a pretty serious business to the fellow who comes with a couple of dollars. I was desperate, and decided that I had to put my case very soon. They were calling for E's. I went up and said my name didn't begin with "E," but I told them I didn't have money enough to stay over in Princeton another night and asked them if they wouldn't consider my case then. They were very nice about that and said they would. So I began to give them the straight dope. I couldn't understand why I had failed because I had been valedictorian of my class. How should I know that the school was not up to the standard? In competing with fellows from other high schools, I subsequently learned that it was not, but, even so, I won't blame it all on the school.

Now, I have tried to let you know that my coming to Princeton to pass the examinations was to me no small matter. I had worked hard to get down here, had been soaking wet for two days, hadn't had much sleep, and I was a nervous wreck, but didn't know it, because I didn't know what that was. Where I came from nobody knew that he was a nervous wreck. If that's what he was, he thought he had something else.

The committee explained to me that I hadn't passed a sufficient number of examinations to be admitted, even on probation. They were sorry. Now, can you imagine what it would have been like for me to have to go back to my home and say that I couldn't get in? So I put my case before them just as plainly as I could. I put it this way: Gentlemen, why don't you give me a chance? If I don't make good by Thanksgiving, it won't hurt the university; if I do make good, it will help me.

One of the professors spoke up. I don't know who he was, but he was a fine chap. "I am very sorry, Mr. X, that we can't make any excep-

tions. We ourselves are governed by certain definite rules from which we cannot deviate. However, we shall take up your case at a special meeting of the committee and let you know by telegraph." To me it was a very nice way of saying "So long." But I took the train and went home, and, thinking it was all up, I answered thirty "ads" in the New York *Herald* that night and the next morning, "ads" for jobs of all kinds.

### The Telegram "Collect"

A couple of days later I got a telegram collect. It ran: "Entrance committee have decided to admit you on trial. Report Monday." I still have that telegram, and know it came collect, because I had to borrow forty-five cents to pay for it.

Well, say! You don't know what that meant to me. You could have knocked me down with a feather! So I was in! I packed my hand-bag. It was a black cardboard hand-bag, three years old, originally costing ninety-eight cents. At that time it was split at the edges and was held

together by a ten-cent book-strap. I threw into it a shirt, a suit of underwear, a comb, a pair of socks, a looking-glass, and shaving apparatus. I had only the one suit, which I was then wearing. My new two-dollar-and-fifty-cent trunk was to follow me down with the rest of my effects, and fittings for my room as soon as I had established an address.

I thought a great university, like any other institution, opened for business at eight o'clock, so I took the six-o'clock train from the Penn Station, and arrived in Princeton at seven forty-five. I waited till eight o'clock and walked over to the university offices and tried the door. It was locked. I sat down on a bench under the trees at the west end of Nassau Hall. I must have been a queer sight on the front campus with my strapped cardboard grip, my cuffed trousers and colored cap. College had opened on the previous Thursday and all freshmen were now in regular freshman garb. Any one else would have known that it was anathema for a freshman to wear cuffed trousers and a colored cap, but about such college taboos I, of course, knew nothing.

But I didn't think of my looks. I was a freshman in Princeton.

Do you remember in the play, when Monte Cristo is taken for dead and thrown off the cliff in the bag, how he cuts himself out of the bag, swims over to the island, climbs up on land, and shouts: "The world is mine!"

Well, after I got here from my one-horse town with my little satchel and found myself sitting on the front campus, which now belonged partly to me, I felt like the Count of Monte Cristo. A new world was mine. I felt as if I owned Nassau Hall. It was pretty fine, too fine to last. Pretty soon I began to feel worried. What would it be like, and where was I going to sleep that night?

## CHAPTER II

### LEARNING HOW TO BE A FRESHMAN

#### First Impressions

It was some proud moment. The worry didn't last long, though it had a way of coming back many times before I was finally settled. I was sitting on the front campus, and it was a wonderful day, beautiful—one of those fine late summer days that are going to turn out real hot. I had gone to the offices and learned, to my surprise, that they were not to be open till nine o'clock, so I had an hour before me and lots to look at and think about.

What did I think of the students? Well, at first I was disappointed, to tell the truth. And, to be perfectly honest with you, the joke was on me. After what had happened I was just a little bit proud to be in, and before I got here I thought I would be a novelty to these boys, that they would pay me some attention, for I'm

not a very big fellow and I had expected to find them big, athletic six-footers. Some of them were only my size, and all of them left me to myself. That hurt my pride. I watched them sauntering up the walk, most of them in their white flannels, and saw them come up to each other, through the shadows of the old trees, and shake hands. They were laughing and very friendly. I couldn't hear what they said, but they did it so often that to me it seemed artificial. Pretty soon two of them met just a little in front of me and I heard their conversation.

"Mighty glad to see you. Where have you been? Have you had a pleasant summer?"

And then "Excuse me," and he turned around to some other fellows and went through the same rigmarole. Now, when you meet a fellow in the city you grasp his hand down low. This fellow held it a little high. And the hand-shake struck me as dainty. Now, that particular chap was just a little effeminate, but to me every student was as yet typical, and as I sat there I saw man after man stop and shake hands with the fellows passing. The spirit was much friendlier

than what I had been used to, but I must confess it struck me as affected. I found that, after a year or two, coming back to college, I was doing the same thing myself.

## Press Your Clothes—Twelve Dollars a Year

But, after all, the boys passing by as I sat alone on my bench made me feel just a little out of it, and then I saw a chap not quite so well dressed as the others (this, of course, struck me) circulate through the crowd, go up to one man after another and talk to him, and finally bring out a note-book and write something in it and move on. What could this mean? He came to where I sat and stood in front of me. Well, would you believe it? That fellow had the nerve to ask me if I wouldn't sign up for the Students' Pressing Establishment! It was only six dollars a term, twelve dollars a year. He must have been anxious for business, and if I hadn't seen him sign up the other fellows I would have thought that he was making fun of me. But as he'd been nice I thought I'd be nice, too. So I told

him I'd always pressed my own clothes before and expected to keep on doing it. Why did he ask me? Oh, I was pretty well togged out and he could see by the green in my eyes that I was a freshman, and I have learned since that every man with a business scheme like this lies in wait for the freshman.

Altogether, it was a very full and interesting hour. Now and then thoughts of my room swam into my head, but these thoughts were casual and just flitted through my mind. Occasionally I thought about what would happen when I registered. Pretty soon the bell struck nine. I started. I got up and asked a student where to register. He pointed out the door. It was in the University Offices building, since named Stanhope Hall. Was I frightened? No, not at all. I was used to asking for what I wanted. I walked into the offices as I'd walk in to ask for a job. I told the man at the desk my name, and he pulled out an ordinary class schedule and asked me what courses I was going to take. In my high school there hadn't been any electives. There was the academic and the commercial

course. I didn't know what an elective was. So, when he asked me what courses I'd take, I told him I thought I'd take the regular course. Now, what you take as a freshman depends, of course, upon what you offer for entrance. But I had been so busy trying to get in, and incidentally had been so completely misinformed by people who knew nothing about Princeton, that I had given this no thought. So he asked me a few questions, underlined certain sections of the schedule with a pencil, and, when he had planned my work, handed it to me.

### That Complicated Schedule

Did you ever see those cartoons by Goldberg in *The Mail*, "What are you going to do with it, now you've got it?" And the answer is: "Search me!" That was the situation. I had my schedule, but I didn't know what to do with it or what it meant, so I put it in my pocket and walked away. Then I went up to a man, "H," who was passing. Now, "H" was the first hard-looking specimen that I had met in this place, and he was a sophomore. I was, of course, a

freshman, but didn't know as yet that I was supposed to quake before him. If I had known it, I would have done it. But I didn't know. So I showed him the paper and asked him what "D," "M," and "P" meant. This, of course, gave me away and advertised the fact that I was a freshman. But he gave me no trouble, told me that "D" meant Dickinson Hall, and even pointed out the direction and explained how to get there.

I wanted to think it over. I was anxious to go to class, but there were many things on my mind. What was I going to do for a room? Then, too, I had left home, as you will remember, at six—that is, without breakfast. And while I was sitting there on the front campus I was too much interested to think about it. But I thought about it now and decided I'd do without and save the money. That settled one point. But the room question was on my mind. So, on the principle "business before pleasure," I decided that I'd have to settle that too. Have you ever been away where you don't know a soul and where you know you have to stay for some time?

I was beginning to feel like that and walked up and down trying to decide.

Then a curious thing happened, and a mighty nice one. As I turned around a fellow (we'll call him "L") came up to me with a very pleasant smile and "Hello, X!" He was the only man in Princeton that I knew. I say "knew," though I had seen him only twice before in my life. He came from the town next mine. I think now that he must have known that I was in a pickle, and he had too much of the milk of human kindness in him to turn even a dog away. He asked me: "Where are you staying?" I said: "I don't know; I was just going to look for a room." He took my satchel, gave me his address, and passed on. I wanted to get settled, so I went over to the treasurer's office and asked for a room, a cheap room. He said he had nothing but one-hundred-dollar rooms left. I thought he was trying to insult me. I felt badly about it and began to walk around town, hunting for a place. There was not much assortment for the price I could pay, and by noon I had found nothing. I was disappointed and hungry, went into

a butcher shop, bought some bologna, and again went down Witherspoon Street near the cemetery, away from the crowd, to eat and reflect.

That afternoon was a long one and I had no better success. The day had kept the promise of the morning and it was hot. You must remember that I was the first man who ever came to Princeton from my school, and, outside of "L," I knew no one at all. What made it hard was the fact that everybody seemed to be acquainted with everybody else and nobody knew me. My home was not a luxurious one, but home is home, and I wanted to be there. Yes, I was homesick in those first days; I wanted to be back home that first afternoon; and off and on for many days, yes, weeks. At the high school I had known almost everybody and, I dare say, was fairly well liked by the fellows. I had a boy's respect for the opinion of my teachers, and now when I couldn't find a room at what seemed to me a reasonable price, and when everything seemed so strange, I remembered what had happened when I told the principal that I had made up my mind to go to Princeton. He shook his

head and said: "Well, X, I like your spunk, but I give you six months as an outside limit." My spunk was pretty much gone and I was thinking of that outside limit.

Before coming back to Princeton that Monday morning I owned, all told, in my own right, nine dollars and seventy-five cents, and, except for what my bologna had cost me, I still had it with me, though I was afraid from what I had learned about the price of rooms that it and I would soon be parted. Prices seemed to me frightfully high. I had imagined I heard a man say that he had paid fifteen cents for a banana. I must have been mistaken, of course. But the money question was a terribly important one, and I was trying to decide how I could get my books, my room, and my board paid far enough ahead to give me a chance to find some work to do. It didn't look promising, and evening was coming on.

Just before dinner (supper I called it then) I met "L" again. He greeted me like an old friend. That helped.

"Where are you going to eat?" he asked.

I told him I thought I'd go out and buy something.

"Why don't you come to the commons?" he put in.

"What's that?"

"That's where we eat."

"What does it cost?" I asked.

"You don't have to pay; you just sign for it."

"Take me to the place," was all I said.

Now, I don't want you to think that I was a money-grabber. But I tried to explain to you that a dollar looked mighty big to me in those days. In the town that I came from, where everybody was fighting for money, money is the big thing in the world. One of the finest things that my college career has done for me was to put the money question in its proper place in my life. We all want money, of course. We all need it. But money has long ceased to be the tin god it used to be. There are other more important things in the world for me now.

### Familiarity Breeds Contempt

Well, there were many other things that I had to learn as a freshman. I had never been in a boarding-house in my life. I knew that these boys lived in a different way from the one to which I was accustomed, and I had sense enough to know that it was a better way than mine, and therefore made up my mind that I was going to keep my eyes open and watch them. So I went to the commons and watched "L" and the other students. The only reason I didn't tuck my napkin into my collar was because he didn't. There are times when it would be pretty hard to learn good table manners at commons. You couldn't expect a crowd of lusty young chaps always to be proper, but in the first month manners at commons were fine. The fellows put on their best because they were strange to each other and were on their good behavior. Nobody knows as yet at whom he dares throw a biscuit, and so it doesn't occur to him to throw one at anybody. It is the familiarity that breeds the contempt. But I learned my manners there.

I signed for my meal, but I also learned that it cost five dollars and fifty cents a week, and that struck me as exorbitant. I had felt awkward at commons with "L," because I knew that he knew how these men lived and I knew that I didn't. He wasn't poor like myself.

### A Friend in Need

After supper we walked out to the street together. It was growing dusk. I looked at the quaint little shops beginning to light up, and on the other side of the street there were some fellows with their hands on each other's shoulders, singing. But it didn't cheer me. I saw that for me it was going to be pretty hard. I hadn't yet found a room.

"Where are you going to stay?" he asked me.

I told him I hadn't found a place.

"You come along with me," and he took me by the arm and led me to his room.

"Here's where you sleep to-night."

It was the first time anything so good had ever been done for me by a comparative stranger. I could almost have cried. It was the first special

mark of kindness I encountered at Princeton, and I shall remember it as long as I live. The room he took me to looked awfully well to me. Compared to the one I was used to, it was very fine. He had carpets or rugs, and to me a carpet was a thing for a parlor. When I studied at home in the winter I had to put my feet up on the stove because the floors were so cold. Yet he apologized for the looks of his room and said his things were still on the way. Now, I want to tell you that it was a mighty fine thing of "L" to take me in, especially as he hardly knew me, and as he had only a single bed, which he shared with me.

I got up early. He went out to his breakfast and classes and I walked around the town. Incidentally, I was getting cuts for my absences from class, though that didn't bother me because I didn't know what cuts were. Somehow by a kind of natural instinct I seemed to gravitate toward the poorer quarter of town. Outside of the short section of the main street, that was all I had seen; and every time I walked down Witherspoon Street I was greatly surprised to see what

a one-horse town this was. For this was the only section of it I had yet noticed. A little later I was walking along Vandeventer Avenue looking for signs in the windows, and I saw one—"Rooms Rented." I walked in. It was the house of a retired minister. Both he and his wife came to the door. They, too, received me as if I had been a friend. In spite of "L's" kindness, that lump was still in my throat, I still had the lost-boy feeling. And it didn't finally wear off until I had really become one of the crowd. But that was not to be for some days. When this old minister came up and shook hands the tears almost came to my eyes. I made up my mind that they were mighty fine people, and I have always kept that opinion. They seemed to take an interest in me, asked me my name and plans. They had two rooms, the cheaper one two dollars a week. I told them my situation and that I couldn't afford it, and they gave it to me for one dollar and fifty cents. It was a little cubby-hole of a room, 6 x 8 x 9, and, although they were very good to me, somehow I felt cooped up there, and at the end of the first term, with much re-

gret, I left them. But for the present I was settled, though my trunk had not yet come. I went back to the campus feeling much better.

### Horsing Freshmen

They were horsing freshmen. Pretty soon a fellow comes up to me.

"Are you a freshman?" (You must remember, I was committing the unforgivable sin of wearing a soft shirt, gay tie, and colored cap.) I said: "I am."

"Qualifying," he asked, "or come from another college?"

"No."

"What are you doing with that shirt on?"

"Wearing it," I said. I thought he was impertinent. He thought I was fresh. I guess he was right.

"Don't you know freshmen aren't allowed to wear soft shirts?" I didn't, so he advised me to go home and change it. I didn't like the advice, so I walked around the corner of the building and came back and looked him squarely in the eye, the way a boy looks at the policeman

who has chased him away from the fire. I wanted to see the fun and he didn't bother me. That is, he didn't bother me just then; my turn came later. But, for the moment, I innocently thought that I had him bluffed.

At dinner-time, when I was walking up Nassau Street, I saw around the corner from the commons another freshman, "Y," my classmate, now a well-known broad-jumper. He had been "requested" to take off his coat, and now, in his shirt-sleeves, with a tissue-paper skirt around his waist, was doing a Salome dance. I must say in all fairness to him that he is a far better broad-jumper than Salome dancer. But the sophs weren't particular. I stopped to enjoy it. Pretty soon that same sophomore who had met me on the campus came up. "Look at the freshman!" and they all turned my way, and broke out in a chorus of long-drawn-out "Ohs!" They made a ring around me.

"Take off that coat, freshman!" I didn't like to, because the lining was ripped and the sleeves soiled. But I did. And I want to say right now that not one of them made fun of my torn

coat. I would have hit any one of them, if he had.

"Now, freshman, hang it up on that hook," and he pointed. I fell for it.

"Where's the hook?" I asked.

"You're pretty fresh," was the answer.

Then I saw the point. So I suspended my coat on the air and let it fall, much to their amusement. They then made me put on my coat "right," that is, with the lining outside, and another fellow said: "Here, freshman, milk that cow," and gave me a bicycle.

I milked the sprocket.

But somehow it was all good fun and I rather liked it. They were paying some attention to me, anyway, and pretty soon I broke away, went into a dormitory, dressed again as best I could, and went home. And, except for that one little incident about my coat, I enjoyed the horsing as much as they did.

Now, there are lots of things against horsing, and I may tell you some later, but there is one good thing to be said for it. It is a good thing, especially for the lost fellow like myself, because

it brings the boys together. They get excited, talk over their experiences, and it breaks the ice. The horsing I received from the sophs was the first thing I had in common with my classmates. I began to feel like one of the rest of them and the homesickness was beginning to wear off.

Was I still worried about the financial situation? Yes, but that's another story.

"I FIRST LEARNED THAT THERE WERE COLLEGES FROM THE SPORTING PAGES OF THE NEWSPAPERS."

## CHAPTER III

### FIGHTING AGAINST ODDS

#### Getting Started

Did I have a job? No, not yet. But I was beginning to like it here, to think that it was worth while. At first I had been doubtful, but I decided now that I would do everything I could to make it go. I had established myself in my room. It was small, though comfortable enough for the present, and it was a place that I could go to and rest and feel myself myself. You know what I mean. In the crowd I was still more or less lost and my room was a kind of (I suppose I might as well say it) sanctuary. I was eating at commons and was earning part of my board there. My work consisted of dishing out desserts or taking charge of a tobacco-and-candy stand. This privilege I had received by applying to the undergraduate chairman of the dining halls committee.

I had decided I would stay. I walked over, went to class, and called it square. It was in Dickinson Hall and I was a little late. The professor was talking away at a very rapid rate, and it was hard for me to understand mathematics even when a man talked slowly. My preparation in advanced algebra wasn't good, and of trigonometry I knew little more than that there was such a thing. What he said was way above me. Incidentally, the feeling that this intellectual world was beyond me, or rather that I wasn't up to it, stayed with me all year. This bothered me, and one of the hardest things I had to do was to work down that feeling.

### La Première Classe

What struck me most in that class? I'll tell you. It was the grim impersonality of the whole method and system. That was the greatest change between my work at school and my work at college. At grammar and high school there was a very close relationship between the student and the teachers—I mean a personal interest on the part of the teachers in the student as

an individual outside of the classroom. I don't mean the relation of the preceptor who meets a student at a social function. Up to this time my teachers had given me advice on the conduct of life. From this time on that was over. It seemed to me there was a chasm between the front row of benches and the teacher's desk, there was an invisible line between the student and the faculty. Each stayed in his own sphere. You don't feel that? Let me explain. As a freshman, and occasionally since, when I asked certain professors a question I had the feeling that I was putting a cent into a slot-machine and getting what I wanted, and in some cases I had no more feeling of intimacy or personal relationship than you have with the slot-machine. I don't mean that this was generally true or that it was true with regard to my preceptors. I have come to know some of them very well; but I mean that, coming from my own school, I had the feeling here that the student lived in a different world from his professor. There was a distance between the two, and the impersonality of that relationship to me was at first forbidding, though

I soon began to work myself into the system. In my physics course the things I understood best were the jokes of the professor in charge, and he told some good ones. When, however, I tried to make myself interesting and tell them to members of the other classes, I found that I had been forestalled. He had done that himself. Everybody in college knew them. They were stock jokes and a part of the course.

### The First Preceptorial

What did I think of my first preceptorial hour? I liked it immensely. The system is one of the finest things about Princeton, but it seemed very odd to me as a freshman to be sitting in a preceptor's room on a comfortable chair without any formality and trying to be natural. I had some excellent preceptors, one especially whose hour I particularly enjoyed, except for one thing. He knew many of the boys very well and called them by their nicknames. When he called them "Bill" and "Jack" and me "Mr." it made me feel more strongly that I wasn't one of the crowd. What pleased me most was the very uncere-

monious and informal way we went about it. We lounged around; that is, they did and I tried to; we talked as we pleased and uttered our thought if we had one. Of course, as freshmen we had very few preceptors, since in most freshman subjects there are none.

Do the teachers generally understand men like myself? No, and I don't blame them. I can give you a case in point. Nobody had any more good will toward me than this preceptor, yet one of the things that hurt me most happened to me through him. He knew that I was working my way through and wanted to help me. One day he asked me to stop after the hour. He asked me, Would I do something for him? Of course I would, and gladly, because I felt that he was doing a great deal for me. He gave me a little note nicely wrapped up and asked me if I would stop at a certain shop which was on my way and leave that note. I was really much pleased to be able to do him a service. The shop was on the way to my next class and it was no trouble at all. I went in and gave the manager his note. He looked at me and

said: "You can tell Professor B that I'll take care of the matter." And then he turned to me and said: "What's this quarter got to do with it? That doesn't belong to me; it must be yours." "No," I said, "it must be yours." He smiled and started to give me the twenty-five cents. I began to see the situation. My preceptor had sent me on this friendly errand as an excuse for giving me a quarter. I was terribly mortified. I told the manager: "No, you'll have to give that back to Professor B." I wanted money, to be sure, but I liked to earn it, and not receive it as charity. When the preceptor found out how matters stood he apologized all over the lot.

## The Only Help I Ever Received

I was keeping my eyes open for a job, a real job, I mean, and in the meantime I was working hard at my studies, for you will remember that, besides my regular work, I had five conditions. You ask me, "Didn't I get any help at all?" Yes, I did. After I had been down here some weeks I had borrowed one hundred dollars through my mother, on condition that I pay back one hun-

dred and fifty dollars the next summer. That was the only help I ever received.

Well, that one hundred dollars came when I needed it most and I was dazed at the sight of it. It was the biggest sum I had ever seen. But by the time it came I already owed more in Princeton than that. My bill had come from the treasurer's. Even though you room in town you pay your room-rent through the university offices. Now, my bill for tuition, board, room-rent, library fee, laboratory fee, infirmary fee, gym fee (I didn't know there could be so many fees), had more than eaten up my hundred. I paid some sixty-odd dollars to the treasurer on account, and what little remained left me so fast that I couldn't see it for dust. I was soon very deeply in debt and had only made a start. You can imagine whether that worried me or not. No, I hadn't spent much for clothes. I did need a freshman outfit, and as prices around here were pretty high I had it sent from home and saved several dollars by doing so. What other shoes and clothes I had to buy then and through part of my next year I bought in the second-hand shops on Witherspoon Street. I did that because I had to.

## That Elusive Job

Well, I was in debt and desperate for a job. Soon after I came here I heard about the Students' Self-Help Bureau and had registered with them. They had their office, in those days, on Nassau Street, in the rooms of the Graduate Council. That feeling of desperation about my financial situation drove me nearly frantic. Now, I want to say a word right here about the bureau. There have been two secretaries in my time, both of them certainly the right men for the right place. Most important of all, they were both cheerful, and I think that is about the first requirement for a secretary of the bureau. A man who goes there is a man in trouble. He's gloomy; and you mustn't imagine that there are more jobs than men who want them. There are never enough jobs to go around. I often went there at the beginning of my freshman year and was told that there was nothing doing. But I never went there without getting a certain amount of cheering up, and I needed that as much as I needed money. Well, I had seen the sign,

I knew the place, and made up my mind to go in. Did I feel backward about it? No, not at all. Why should I have felt so? As I said before, I was used to asking for what I wanted and equally used to being turned down. I will give you one instance.

### Auld Lang Syne

As far back as the summer before I entered the high school I thought I'd like to give up fruit-and-vegetable peddling and get something else to do. I was about fourteen, and I used to leave home to get over to New York about 5 A. M., buy a *World*, a *Journal*, or any other paper not costing more than a cent, look over the "help wanted," pick the place that looked best among the "boy wanted" ads, and then start on the rounds.

I went early because there were usually fifty fellows waiting at these places, strung out like a bread-line. The job I was after in this case was in a printing-house on Park Place. I had come early in order to be first, and sat down on the door-step. Now, boys brought up like my-

self get a good deal of worldly wisdom too soon. But curiously enough what I had learned at school made a strangely profound impression on me. It comes to us from another world. I had been told in school that if you were patient you would get things, and so I used to think in all seriousness that, if I only waited, what I wanted would come to me merely because I was being patient. Now, that was always hard for me, so I came early and waited on the door-step with a sense of virtue. After about an hour a large, burly negro with a broom in his hand came up, unlocked the door, and asked me what I wanted.

"I want to see the manager."

"What do you want to see the manager about?"

I thought he was too inquisitive for a sweeper, and determined not to tell.

"I'll tell the manager when I see him," and I walked in.

"You don't want to see the manager," he said, "what you want is a job."

With that he dropped the broom, took me by

the collar of my coat with one hand and by the seat of my trousers with the other, and lifted me out of the place. I think I can give you an idea of just exactly how I felt. As I was being bodily hoisted out, I had that sinking sense you get when you go up in an elevator for the first time.

So you can see that I had no hesitation about going up to the secretary of the Students' Self-Help Bureau. I knew perfectly well before I went in that, whatever might happen, he couldn't treat me any worse than that. I went in, and the long and short of it was he couldn't give me a job, though he did give me a smile and cheered me up. He did more than that, and I felt he was making a start. He gave me a slip on the strength of which I was to get a certain reduction on second-hand books at the university store. This question of books had troubled me. There were times when I couldn't buy a book I needed, and one of the things I regret most about my freshman year is that once I asked a preceptor to lend me his book and was refused. I left the bureau in better spirits and came back soon. The next

time the secretary gave me a ticket for the football game. That, too, was a good thing, because watching the game allowed me to forget all my troubles. But I went back to the bureau almost daily and I am afraid I made myself a nuisance.

It was through the secretary, however, that I got my first job, soon after. It was raking leaves at twenty cents an hour. It was a half-hour's walk each way, and I used to average about two and a half hours of work a day. The owner of the place treated us well—there was another fellow with me on the job. It was a relief to me to feel that I had begun to earn my way. In two weeks I had earned something like seven dollars. When that job was ended, however, I had nothing else to do and I was blue again. In class I seemed to be doing about as well as the other boys, but financially I wasn't doing well enough, and I was beginning to be afraid that the thing was going to be a failure, and I had some blue weeks after I finished raking leaves. Debts were climbing up. I don't know if I can make you understand this, but one of the things that kept me up and occasionally made me feel

ashamed of myself was a talk I had once had with a negro at noon over our dinner when we were both working on the railroad.

### Out of the Mouths of ———

He was about forty. At times a drunkard, a gambler, and a blacksmith. Also a philosopher. He told me that as a lad he had worked like a horse to get some money, put it into a fool business which he had started, made out well for a while, and then lost it all. And after he had finished telling me that story he said: "Well, son, I liked that work, and one of these days I'm goin' back to it. Yes, sah, I'm goin' back to it, because if yuh want to get along in this yere world nothin' beats a trial but a failure." Now, for a negro, that fellow had no yellow streak. I learned something from him, and I felt ashamed not to go at a thing as hard as that fellow whom most people would have called a good-for-nothing negro. That sentence of his, "Nothing beats a trial but a failure," ran in my head. I made up my mind that I was going to do my level best not to fail. But even if I failed, through no

fault of mine, I'd go back and make another trial, and I made up my mind that if I was going to get knocked like that negro I'd take my knocks as he did with a smile and have the world laugh with me rather than at me.

Before my next job I had been without a cent—I mean literally without a cent—for two weeks. Then the secretary of the Self-Help Bureau gave me another job. It was for the Harvard football game of that year (1911), and I was to sell programmes. When he showed me that programme I was disappointed. Why? For this reason. I looked at the programme and said to myself: "That's a ten-cent programme." That's what it was worth. I was to sell it for fifty cents. Now, I was to get five cents apiece for selling them, and I told the secretary that I didn't think the demand would be very great. "Well, if you are alive," he said, "you ought to sell one hundred and fifty. That's about what the other fellows do." When I got there I stood around near the gate for over an hour and sold two or three. The crowd wasn't rushing us off our feet to get those programmes. For some disappointing rea-

son they seemed to be getting along perfectly well without them. I had made up my mind that I had to create the demand. I was afraid that if I didn't do this well the secretary wouldn't give me another trial. So I thought it over a bit and decided upon a scheme. The people were beginning to crowd through, and I noticed that a great many of them came in couples, a young man and a young lady. I knew enough to know that the young man couldn't refuse to buy what the young lady wanted, so I kept handing the programmes to the young ladies. They would unconsciously take what was handed to them and their escorts would quite consciously pay me for it. Now, that scheme won the day for me, and in the next half-hour I sold nearly one hundred programmes. Incidentally, I felt that I had justified myself with the secretary and I had five dollars of the easiest money that I had ever earned. However, as this wasn't enough to keep me afloat, I was willing to do work, yes, any kind of work, but I couldn't find the work to do, and the idea of my expenses was simply staggering me.

### Unskilled Labor

A little after the cold weather had begun I got my third job. I was to take care of a furnace in a professor's house. This meant a fairly steady job at seven dollars a month and for me a comparatively easy one. I was to go twice a day, morning and evening. All that was very well, only I honestly didn't know a thing about a furnace. I had never seen one in action. One useful fact I did know—I knew only that there were various kinds of furnaces. I put that fact to hard use. When I went to the house the professor went down into the cellar with me and showed me the furnace.

"Of course," he said, "you have taken care of a furnace before?"

What could I say? If I told him I hadn't I couldn't get the job. So I played safe and said:

"You know, sir, that there are various kinds of furnaces."

"Yes," he said, "and I'll explain this one to you."

That's what I wanted. I have taken care of

many furnaces since and I owe that man a good deal. His cellar was my laboratory. I experimented on that furnace. Every day I'd try something new—open a new draft or try a new way of checking—and I'm afraid that on warm days my good friend the professor roasted and on cold days he froze. I'm sorry for that, because he was kind and nice about it. But down in the cellar we had good times together, that furnace and I, and, on the strength of what I learned then, I got four other furnaces to take care of the next year.

At Thanksgiving I went home. Christmas was coming on and things were looking blue.

## Making Money at Concerts

Did I get any amusement? Yes, I always have done that. You mean anything special? Why, yes, I had to have some pleasure. Besides ordinary amusements, I went to lectures and I went to concerts! I have to smile now when I think about the first philharmonic. No, I didn't know anything about music. I went for three reasons. The first and by far the most important

was because it cost one dollar and fifty cents and students could get in free. I was making money! In the second place, I was curious. I went to see what people were paying one dollar and fifty cents for. And in the third place—and this gradually came to be more and more important—I wanted to get a liking for music. I have gone to all the concerts here, to the Whiting lectures and recitals every year, and I have learned to like music even though I don't know why I like it. Of course, I don't know technic, but it has come to mean a good deal to me and has been far more than a mere amusement.

Winter was now here and the days were less cheerful. On the streets I always wore a smile. But when I sat at home in my room and watched the first snows blow down the street I was at times pretty glum. I remember sitting at my window and hoping it would snow hard. I thought it would bring me a chance to earn a little money shovelling paths. In December there was the first light snow-storm, and I did get a few such chances, but that didn't help much, and I couldn't count on it.

Did I now have the feeling that I belonged here? No, I had the feeling that I didn't. The other fellows were better men than I, and I knew it. I couldn't really get into the crowd. I don't believe they knew it, at least I don't believe they could tell it from my talk, but when I was with them in crowds I somehow had the feeling that I would have in a parlor among ladies, and you might guess that I wouldn't feel at home there. This feeling of awkwardness was one of the biggest handicaps I worked under. If I hadn't had it, it would have been much better and much easier for me. Work was coming in very slowly and expenses were climbing up. I didn't dare think of what I owed. Every week it was running higher. Meantime I felt desperately blue, like that fellow in "Les Miserables" who is going down in the quicksands and can't pull himself out.

### Don't Worry

When I had come here I went to the treasurer's office and explained my situation. I told them when they made out my university bill not to

send it home. It wouldn't do them any good, for they would waste their postage and it would worry my people. They were to send it to me. They did. Those notices from the treasurer's office kept coming with distressing regularity, and every time one came I went to the office and paid them in excuses. That was all I had. One week —we were now running toward Christmas—they sent me their bill. I was so blue that I didn't dare think about it, so I put it in my pocket and thought I'd try to settle it when I could really face my own situation. Honestly, I didn't dare think about it. A little later a letter came from home enclosing a bill. It was my last bill from the treasurer and it was marked: "Copy; original sent to the student at his request." With it was a letter from my mother. She was very much distressed and wondered why I could live so extravagantly and how I was going to get the money to pay for it all. That bothered me. I simply couldn't see ahead. If I tried, things went black before my eyes. I couldn't explain to the folks at home, but I wanted to ease their minds, so I sent back the shortest letter I ever

wrote in my life. "Don't worry." That was the letter. Why should they? I was doing that myself.

A few hours later I felt a little better about it and went over to the office. I brought out the copy of the bill which my mother had sent me and laid it on the desk. I said: "Why did you send this home? I still have the original." Now, the treasurer has always treated me splendidly, and the man at the desk answered: "Why, you weren't paying anything on it." I told him I didn't have it. I made arrangements with him that I was to pay him whatever I could whenever I could, and I did my best. He was very nice about it, and has always given me more leeway than I had a right to hope for. But with all the leeway I didn't see how I was ever going to catch up. I was falling so far behind the procession that I couldn't hear the band. And it seemed to be getting worse instead of better. The holidays were coming on and it looked like a dreary Christmas. My work—I mean my studies—suffered, too. I used to sit in my room, read a couple of pages, and find that I had been

reading words and not ideas. It looked bad, and I was awfully anxious to see the folks. It was some relief to think that the vacation was coming. I counted the days, and after my last long recitation hour I left for home.

## CHAPTER IV

### DEVIL AND DEEP SEA

My visit at home and the holiday bucked me up and gave me a new lease of life. I had been a little homesick and in hard luck. But I didn't want to give up the ship and admit that I had been beaten, and to be pointed at on the streets of my home town as the man who had started to go to college and gave it up. I had the notion, and I think it's pretty nearly correct, that anything you don't carry through to some conclusion is going to stand out against you; and there was something else that drove me back. In those two weeks I saw again the old life that went on around me and which I would fall into if I stayed, and I couldn't help contrasting it with the life of men at college. Even my struggle there in those first hard months, as I looked back at it, seemed quite tolerable. I liked my studies, felt that I was getting into them, and didn't want to give

them up. Besides, I saw that old teacher of mine who had given me six months, and I said to myself, "I'm going to fool you, anyway"; and took the train for Princeton.

I arrived a few days after college opened. That treasurer's bill was still hanging over me. It was the sword of Damocles. But I had decided during the vacation that I wasn't going to leave the university unless I absolutely had to.

## Easy Money

Before Christmas I had been working hard at my conditional studies and had passed off all but one of my entrance conditions. I was between the devil and the deep sea. If I didn't study hard, and failed to pass my work, the university would flunk me out; and if I didn't work hard and earn money to pay my bills, the treasurer would drive me out. So now that the studies were fairly well in hand I made up my mind that I was going to go out after other work. I had heard that there was a job to be had at twenty-five cents an hour. I made up my mind to try for it, for several reasons. I needed money badly,

never needed it so badly in my life. And right here I'd like to say that any encouragement or help that is to be given to the man working his way through college ought to be given him in those months between September and Christmas of his first year. That's when he needs it most and when he is least able to earn money for himself, and when in all probability, like myself, he will have most trouble with his studies.

Now, twenty-five cents an hour was more money than I had ever earned, that is, steadily. Twenty cents I had earned for a while when I worked on the railroad in the summer of my junior year in the high school. To feel that I was earning twenty-five cents an hour regularly would help me to feel that I was going up in the world. I suppose you don't understand that. But that's the way it looked to me then. Now, this work was with the Students' Pressing Establishment. It consisted in going about to the students' rooms collecting clothes, and bringing back from ten to twelve suits, which, after they had been pressed, I delivered again. I got that job, and that was really my first regular "situa-

tion." Do you know how much ten or twelve suits weigh when you carry the coats on your arm and the trousers over your shoulder? Well, you can guess. Once I carried as many as seventeen suits; yet I swear to you that knowing I was earning twenty-five cents an hour made the load light. It was the easiest way to earn money I had yet found. It paid most for doing least. I began to work four and five hours a day, some days eight, and at the same time I began to like college.

But you must not imagine from that that the war was over. It had only begun. There were going to be many bad days, months—yes, I might even say there was going to be one more lean year. But, as I look back upon it now, my taking up with that work for the Pressing Establishment was my start toward what I might call success. Did I earn a great deal at it? No, I cannot say that. I did earn what seemed to me a considerable sum, but that wasn't the most important thing about this new phase in my economic situation.

## Tribulations of a Freshman

Before I tell you what I consider to have been the advantages which this new field offered me, I might say a word about the difficulties that confront the freshman particularly. Of course, you know that in college life he is the under dog. He is, in the first place, the cat in the strange garret; he doesn't know his way around. In the second place, he is made to feel that he has no rights in comparison with a sophomore, to say nothing of an upper classman. Now, there are, of course, a great many men who apply to the Self-Help Bureau in a year, the average here being somewhere between one hundred and twenty-five and two hundred. Many of these men are sophomores and upper classmen. For the most part they have picked up what we call the "gravy" jobs. Many of the men are willing to work, but are unwilling to accept anything that would seem ungenteel. They would refuse a chance to wash windows or to mow a lawn. Now, it is these ungenteel jobs, and even relatively few of these, that can at first be

given to the freshmen. The bureau, of course, tries to do its best for all the men, but it does not have jobs enough to go around. As yet it had been able to give me no steady employment, unless you could consider the work I did on the good professor's furnace as such, and from the way I did that I was living in daily terror of losing it. Of course, I also had my work at the commons, which relieved me of part of my board bill.

### A Fool's Paradise

Among other difficulties that the freshman has to contend with is the fact that he can never believe what is told him by a sophomore, because, of course, nothing delights a sophomore so much as to put one over on his unsuspecting victim. So the poor freshman's life, in Webster's phrase, is a "general mist of error." Everything, even a job, comes to him in a questionable shape. He is always wondering what is going to happen to him next, and college customs are deep and unfathomable mysteries. I will give you an instance.

Horsing season was about over, and I had an

impression that conditions would improve and that the sophomores were now going to make it up to us. You know, of course, that some time early in the session the freshman class is supposed to have its picture taken, and that the sophomores consider it one of their most serious class responsibilities to "gum" that picture, and they do usually gum it for fair by throwing bags of wet farina, flour paste, or any other convenient sticky stuff on the posing freshies. As yet I wasn't Johnny Wise to all this, so when I was tipped off that the "flour picture" was to be taken I said: "I'll be there with bells!" I had a notion that the class would all stand up together and that we would be pelted with flowers by the reconciled sophomores. Visions of pink carnations flitted through my mind. I went back to my room, dressed in my best, with a fine new collar and dapper little bow tie, and started for the steps of Whig Hall. I was a little bit proud of myself and wanted a prominent place in that picture. The friendly sophomores were crowding around, but by the time the camera man was ready I discovered that instead of carnations the

flour for the picture was Washburn & Crosby's, and it didn't jibe well with my blue suit. No, sirree! Those sophs didn't pin any roses on us! If I had known, I would, of course, have gone in my black jersey and corduroys and saved myself a day's work in cleaning my Sunday suit. As a freshman I was living continually in a fool's paradise.

You will remember that I was working at commons. At dinner I was supposed to put in thirty minutes dishing out desserts. On Sundays it was ice-cream. Another fellow was associated with me; he was supposed to do what I did. He happened to be a sophomore, but, instead of working with me, he worked me. I had been told to do whatever a sophomore told me, because if I got one down on me the whole class would get after me, so I had decided to show this sophomore respect even if I didn't feel it. He used to throw biscuits at the waiter's head and then look innocent while the waiter with the tray on his hand looked daggers at me. We were supposed to dish out a twenty-five-gallon can of ice-cream apiece. He used to stand and watch

me do my work, and when I had finished would order me to do his. For a while I did. But one Sunday afternoon the cup overflowed, and I rebelled. Going up to him, I said:

"Say, are you running this place or are you supposed to work here the same as I?"—and I rolled up my sleeves for "work." He thought I was rather fresh, and told me so; but he did his own work that week and, so far as I was concerned, every week thereafter.

Now, I am free to say that this sophomore was not typical, but I have no doubt that as long as there are freshmen and sophomores some freshmen will do more work than they are paid for—and some sophomores less.

### An Undergraduate Business Man

The service that the Self-Help Bureau renders lies in the fact that it can take account of the various qualifications of the new applicants and then give them a start. When a man has special qualifications, when he knows a particular trade, is an acceptable stenographer, for instance, it is fairly easy to get him started in his line of

work. I was unfortunate in the fact that I had no trade. When, finally, I had found a place in the Pressing Establishment, I was started along a particular line. I was forced by necessity to become what you might call an undergraduate business man, and the first step necessary to success was to know the world that I had to deal with. I also learned there what qualities I had to possess. In the first place, there is one thing the student is famous for—it is his unreliability. I made up my mind that here I would have to be the exception, and I pride myself that I have tried to keep my engagements, as any man in business would do.

The second point was of equal importance. In my new work I came to know the student well, and, of course, you know his world is not the world outside or the world that I was used to. All men in college have certain points in common, but they differ as much among themselves as do men in the world, and I learned to know their differences. My work carried me into the rooms of a very large number of students. I saw them all, and learned to know them as they

are and not as they pretend to be. There are these two phases to every student's personality, as there are to every other man's. I learned to know the soul "he faces the world with" as well as that smaller, and sometimes finer, soul which is his in private. I went into the various rooms at any and all hours of the day and saw the men in their undress personalities. I watched them at their games; and I could tell the character of a fellow by the way he showed himself in his play—how he bore himself as a loser and as a winner. I could also tell something about the way in which he had to be approached from the kind of room he lived in and by the kind of company he kept.

In my freshman year, through my new work, I therefore learned to know about four-fifths of the men in college. I likewise knew the location of every room on the campus, and picked up a pretty large store of miscellaneous information; for the man from the Pressing Establishment is like the player in Shakespeare—he has his exits and his entrances.

## Between Two Fires

But you must not imagine that after this one job I was rolling in wealth or that I was to have a joy-ride through the rest of my freshman year. That was not to come until a few years later. Yes, I'm taking that now.

In the period from September to Christmas, for all my efforts, the work that I had found had netted me exactly thirty dollars and thirty-three cents. The remainder of the little sum which I had received from home had melted away like snow in the sun. I find that for the year, including tuition and all charges, my average expenses were about ten dollars and fifty cents a week. I was deeply in debt, and even with the best I could do I was falling farther behind. Furthermore, my first examinations were coming along and I knew that I must pass them. In the free time that I had had before Christmas, you will remember that I had studied and passed off entrance conditions, but I was far from being up with my regular studies; so I was in that continual dilemma of which I spoke—I did not dare

neglect my studies for fear of the faculty, and I did not dare neglect my work for fear of the treasurer. Somehow, it was one long fight with and against myself to stay in. While I was doing my work I worried about my lessons, and while I was studying I worried about money. Of the two, however, it was the money question that worried me most. This was so because I knew that if I had the time I could get up my studies, but with all the time in the world, without a job, I could not earn the money I absolutely had to have, for there was a limit to what I could do in the Pressing Establishment.

But somehow the days passed and we ran into the feverish week of mid-year examinations. I managed to pass them, but had nothing to spare.

## The Black Hand

With the beginning of the second term troubles came back, if I can be said to have forgotten them at all. There was still a heavy balance due on my first term's bill from the treasurer, but I had moved to the campus and was begin-

ning to feel comfortable. One day when I came back after my rounds I found waiting for me the treasurer's second-term bill. Those bills are made out for the entire term's expenses.* It was like a letter from the Black Hand. It simply knocked the spots out of me. It called for about one hundred and thirty-seven dollars. This in

* NOTE.—I have the permission of the student who is here telling his story to print the record of his freshman expenses as taken from his diary. This record is particularly interesting when compared with the minimum statement of expenses as estimated in the university catalogue. That statement, which excludes certain laboratory fees, apparatus deposits, books, hall dues, clothes, room furnishings, incidentals, travelling and vacation expenses, calls for $384. This student's statement includes absolutely every item of expense from the time of his entrance in September until August of the following year. It should be remembered that he received a reduction on his tuition and board, but his statement given below includes every item that he actually paid out in that period:

| | |
|---|---|
| Tuition, room-rent, and board | $191.00 |
| Text-books | 14.39 |
| Laundry (sent most of it home) | 2.79 |
| Clothing (including shoes, haberdashery, etc.) | 14.20 |
| Car-fare | .40 |
| Candy, etc. | .90 |
| Spreads and lunches | 3.85 |
| Postals and stamps | 3.40 |
| Athletic dues and goods (including basket-ball shoes, basket-ball suit, etc.) | 10.85 |
| Amusements | 5.06 |
| Medical expenses | 4.15 |
| Travelling expenses | 21.88 |
| Furniture | 20.93 |
| Sundries | 27.10 |
| Total | $320.90 |

addition to what I already owed!—and not counting incidentals. It gave me a queer feeling; you know it, the feeling you have when your Adam's apple is beginning to choke you.

I sat and looked at the wall. It offered no consolation. I started to do a little bookkeeping—all told, I owed in Princeton about two hundred dollars; and incidentals for the next four months would amount to at least thirty or forty dollars more. To stay in college and break even I would have to earn two hundred and thirty dollars. I felt at that time that twenty-five cents an hour was good pay. At this rate, in the next eighteen weeks I would have to put in nine hundred and twenty hours' work. That meant fifty-one hours a week, or pretty nearly nine hours a day—excluding studies. Do you wonder at my seeing red? I didn't like the prospect!

That statement which the principal had made when I left for Princeton again came back to me: "I'll give you six months as an outside limit."

I began to wonder whether he hadn't been too liberal and whether I hadn't stayed too long. When a fellow's in the dumps that way he prac-

tically loses what little nerve he has—he's bulldozed by what he is up against. All I could do was to stare at that balance and wonder what I'd do with it. I couldn't wish it off; I couldn't go away and leave it—the debt would follow me. Well, I felt there was no place to go but out—so I went. I wanted action. It got so black before my eyes I couldn't see a thing. I went down to the gym and played basket-ball for three and a half hours, until I was absolutely exhausted physically; then I went home and fell into bed; and I got up in the morning feeling fine.

When in trouble, go to the gym. That was my rule. You always feel better in the morning, anyway. I suppose the bill was still just as large, but I didn't think about it.

But that feeling of being up against an impossible proposition was with me off and on for nearly all the rest of the year. It finally wore off. I wore it off because it was simply impossible to go on that way, and whenever it seemed to be getting the better of me I'd go down to the gym and sweat it out. But gradually, while I was carrying the clothes to and from the shop, I noticed

that the spring was catching up with me, and you know when a fine day comes and you look at the fellows and everybody's happy, you forget everything. Well, so did I.

### Daylight at Last

Besides my work at the Pressing Establishment, when the baseball season opened I sold programmes at the games, and gradually I cut down that big balance at the treasurer's. It was still uncomfortably large, but we were jogging along toward summer, and what's the treasurer's bill compared with a fine spring day, with a lot of the fellows around, and everybody smiling and happy! The campus was beginning to be beautiful; the grass was green and the leaves were out. One evening when I came back from the commons I heard the seniors singing on the steps of Nassau Hall. It looked to me as if I were going to see the finish of that year, after all.

I had heard rumors to the effect that the university was going to start a farm and give employment to some of the students during the summer. The university owned a large tract of

land south of the campus, and, instead of allowing it to lie idle, decided to turn it over to students who wished to farm it. One fine Saturday morning I made one of my usual visits to the secretary of the Self-Help Bureau. He told me that I had better talk fast, as he had to see the president in five minutes.

"Two minutes is all I want," I said. I was out of that office in a minute and a half, and in the meantime had secured a ticket for the Fordham baseball game and the promise of a job during the summer on the Princeton Farm at two dollars a day. Needless to say, I enjoyed that Fordham game!

That promise of a job in the summer put a new light on things, for with what I could earn before commencement and during the summer I saw that I could enter in the fall with a clean slate for sophomore year. The exams came on, but they had lost most of their terrors—or else I had lost my respect for them; in any case I passed them; and after the last exam, with the rest of the freshmen, I threw my black cap—that emblem of the freshman's infamy—out of the

window and ran out and trampled on the grass to show that I was now a full-fledged sophomore and enjoyed all the privileges of a college student. I had stuck out my year and was feeling fine. I went over to the Univee Store, bought that picture postal of a tiger, the Princeton pennant, and the college cheer. Under it I wrote, in a large, bold hand:

"Greetings from Princeton,"

signed my name, and sent it to that principal who had given me six months as an outside limit.

He had nothing on me.

## CHAPTER V

### THE GAY YOUNG SOPHOMORE

WELL, I was a sophomore. Did I swagger? Sure. Everybody does, some. You get that feeling in June for a day or two at least. You can't help it. A good many of the men who had entered with me had flunked out; in any case, I had heard a great deal about them, for the man who flunks out gets an exaggerated amount of attention. It reacts on the feeling of pride of those who have the good luck to stay in, and, of course, I had some of it—that is, both of the luck and pride.

As a matter of fact, I was so pleased that for the time being I forgot all about my financial embarrassment. The thought I had was to get away from books and just have a lot of fun and a lot of physical exercise. Every summer I made this a rule, and it was a good one. Ordi-

narily, I didn't crack a book—for study. Yes, I did, of course, read for pleasure.

But the academic year was not yet entirely over. The campus was in holiday, and the grave seniors—they didn't look so very grave to me—possessed the place. I had heard that they had fine times at commencement. My last examination fell on the Friday before the Yale game, and the alumni were beginning to come in in costumes. It certainly did look to me as if they were going to have a good time for sure, and if there was going to be any fun I wanted to see it. Fun is cheap around college, and it's the one thing I always felt I couldn't afford to miss. But as yet I hadn't had any of what we call Princeton spirit, and when I saw all the men in costumes parading through the town I got pretty much the same impression that I would have had from seeing a circus go through and pull off its stunts.

But in the evening, out in front of Nassau Hall, it was different. I had dressed for a holiday, had dinner at commons, which was now quiet and half-deserted, and I was rested. My cares were gone, and I felt free and at large in the world for the

first time in many months, and as I sauntered over to the campus on that summer evening, in my best suit, I thought as I looked back that I was pretty lucky. I just sat there for a couple of hours and listened. The songs of the older classes appealed to me particularly. To hear some old grad, forty-five or fifty, who was probably the leader of the glee-club in his day, get up and sing with what little voice he had left, but with all his pep—somehow it makes a fellow feel queer. I began to think there was something in it, after all, and when they walked around the front campus in the soft light of the Japanese lanterns I began to have a more sober feeling about Princeton and being a Princeton man. I began to think that that's what I was.

Staying over for that commencement helped to tie me to the place. Early in the next week I went home. I might add that I hadn't wasted my time, and that I had sold programmes at the commencement game.

How did it feel to be home again, and how did they treat me? They had gotten into the habit of treating me, on my return, as if I were

the prodigal son, and as I never saw much sense in that I now came back unannounced.

Was there anything special about this return? No, the greatest fuss that was ever made over me was at Thanksgiving time of my freshman year. Why? Because we had won the football championship. Everybody treated me as if I were a member of the team. I liked it. You haven't any idea what a difference a successful football season makes in the reception a fellow like myself gets when he goes home. The fact that I had passed all my studies and done a year's work was nothing compared to the fact that a lot of other fellows whom I didn't even know, and who didn't belong to my class, had won football games from Yale and Harvard. But there's no use trying to be philosophical about this; I enjoyed that reception they gave me at Thanksgiving time, and hope that next year's freshmen will be able to go back for Thanksgiving under the same conditions. I suppose it is generally true all the way around that parents make less and less fuss about the return of college prodigals the longer they are away at college. They come,

just as my people did, to take it for granted. I was away at college, and now when I came back the folks accepted without comment the fact that I was home and that I would return to Princeton again.

### Student Farmers

In this case I was only home for a few days, because, as you will remember, I had made my plans in that interview with the secretary of the Self-Help Bureau when he gave me a place for the summer. I was to work on the University Farm. I may have ability, but I'm sure that I had very little experience as a farmer. My whole previous training consisted in one day's work, which I had put in when I was about ten, picking beans and tomatoes. For that day's work I had earned about twenty cents; but I learned where to go for "free" tomatoes when we later went swimming. On the strength of that you couldn't really call me a finished agriculturist. But I don't want you to imagine that that farm proposition was a dead loss to the university. I know some people smile when you talk about

"The Farm." I want to say right here that to the best of my knowledge and belief (and I ought to know something about it, as I later kept the books) that farm in the first year broke even financially and was later making money. It acquired a good deal of valuable machinery and had several hundred dollars' worth of cover crops planted for the following year when it came to an end. Furthermore, the agricultural side of it was excellently managed, and if the farm "petered out" it was not because the scheme was a failure but because the stadium was built in the heart of it and most of the rest of it was needed for the approaches and other developments about the stadium. So, if anybody wants to laugh about chimerical schemes, he'll have to find something else to laugh about besides this project of student farming.

There were, to be sure, a number of things about the farm in the first year that were amusing. In the first place, a farmer is supposed to get up at four and work till moonrise. We didn't. We worked eight hours a day at twenty-five cents per hour, then played tennis and took

a shower. I call that office work and banking hours. Furthermore, things were not yet under way, and work not only had to be done but had to be manufactured; that is, the boss had to sit up nights to think out things for us to do. You couldn't work any more than eight hours if you wanted to. In other words, you were limited to forty-eight hours a week. You could, however (at least one of my friends and myself did), work twelve hours a day for four days and earn a three days' vacation. My friend felt it was a shame to take the money, and decided he would relieve the university of one man's time and take a job in New York; so we decided we'd make the trip to the great city in a canoe on one of our three days' recesses.

### Down to the Sea in Ships

It was one of the adventures of the summer that I remember with a good deal of pleasure —as I look back on it. We started off Friday afternoon and slept that night somewhere near New Brunswick, under the canoe, "On the Banks of the Old Raritan." So far, so good. Our

troubles came the next day. And, I'll tell you, farmers have no right to go down to the sea in ships.

There was evidently going to be a storm, but we didn't know it. Just before we got down to Newark Bay we began to attract some attention in our seventy-five-pound craft, and drew up alongside a barge for water. We figured that to reach our destination we still had to go through Newark Bay, Kill von Kull, and then across five miles of the open water of upper New York Bay to get to Gowanus Canal. While we were getting our drink the old salt on the barge looked us over and said:

"Where be ye goin', mates?"

"Gowanus Canal," we answered innocently.

"In that sloop?" he said.

"Yes."

He looked us over again from head to foot, looked at our canoe, looked at the sky, turned his back, and walked into his cabin scratching his head but never saying a word. We realized later that his silence was more eloquent than speech could have been, for when we arrived in

New York Bay the waves were so high that as we tumbled into the troughs I could barely see the upper decks of the large Staten Island ferry-boats that were crossing in front of us.

The fact that I am telling you this story proves that we got there—but I don't know how, and we didn't deserve to. My friend stayed in New York and I came back by train to my more prosaic labors.

Tilling the soil may not be exciting, but we had a glorious time. I don't mean financially, but socially, because, even though we did get our rooms, we had to pay board, and there was not a great deal left on Saturday night. I did, however, manage to do pretty well, for I got a few incidental jobs, one of them carrying mail, and I came back to college in mighty fine shape and with a determination to make a second group.

All told, things looked pretty favorable now. During the summer I had met a man who promised me that I could get work enough at the commons to pay all my board. This would relieve me of five dollars and fifty cents a week, and I began to imagine that being a sophomore would

be one long dream. It wasn't. It was a nightmare. When things are coming your way you can't stop them, but when they are going against you, you can't stop them either, and in my sophomore year, at the beginning especially, they certainly went against me hard.

### Back on the Campus

The summer's work was done and I was on the campus once more. A new crop of freshmen were here, and the everlasting round was beginning again. I am not ashamed to say that I was feeling my sophomoric oats, and I hazed one presumptuous-looking freshman just to get an objective view of how foolish I must have looked when they did it to me. But, honestly, I had very little stomach for it, and I think a good deal of it is nonsense and some of it vicious—and for this reason: as a general thing they horse the men who need it least and they let off the bumptious freshman who comes from a big, well-known prep school, or the promising athlete who has friends to get him out of it; whereas, when a fellow comes, in all humility, from some little corner

and feels low in his mind, and makes absolutely no pretensions, he ordinarily is the man who gets it worst; and he has no friends to call off the terrorizing sophs. And what little courage he has is knocked out of him for months—and sometimes years.

But, on the whole, even though I tried to down it, I felt that I had a pretty large claim on the world and a pretty tight mortgage on the sophomore year. But things began to break pretty badly.

### The Last Straw

You will remember that I had a debt of one hundred and fifty dollars to pay for money borrowed. I had gotten this off by incurring other debts, but it left me far down in the world, and, financially speaking, my head was under water. Still, the commons had started and I was to be able to earn my board. I went up to see about my prospective work and found that this was a mistake, or that in any case the promise which had been made me by a student, whom I had believed to be in

authority, could not be kept. I could work off only part of my commons bill, and would have to pay three dollars a week! That meant for the year an expense of one hundred and eight dollars which I had not counted upon. In addition, as you have seen, I was already in debt. It meant, all told, an initial deficit of about two hundred and fifty dollars. There was worse to come. You will remember that my job with the Pressing Establishment had been my consolation in the dark days of freshman year. This now was lost to me. I learned that this was only a job for freshmen, and I couldn't have it. I shall have more to say about this later, and about the complicated machinery of undergraduate business, but for the present it is sufficient to know that my job was gone.

There were even worse breakers ahead. In my freshman year I had been granted a remission of one hundred dollars on my tuition, for I had entered on conditions and had passed them off. Now, our marking system divides the students who pass into five groups. Group 1 is, of course, the highest, but groups 2 and 3 are still considered

as belonging to the good-student class. To get remission as a sophomore I had to have a grade of at least 3.20. I had finished freshman year with an average .02 of a point below this (3.22) and had foolishly believed that this would be sufficient. College had been open about a week and as yet I had no job. I thought I might as well have this matter of my tuition settled, and to do so I had to see one of the university authorities. This official, as I have learned to know him since, is a splendid man personally. He has a heart as big as his head, but it seemed to me then that he did not understand the psychology of men like myself. At least on that occasion I failed to make him understand me. I had just been told about my fiasco at the commons. I was not cheerful, and I never have been any good at smoothness.

My story certainly was a hard-luck tale, and on the face of it it looked fishy. I don't blame him now for having been suspicious. I shot him a perfectly straight story, but one that would have made the Count of Monte Cristo look like thirty cents. He looked at me as if I were giv-

ing him panhandling dope. Excuse the phrase, but that's exactly what I mean. I spoke to him about remission and explained to him the situation. He said, and he was perfectly right as I see it now, that he had to draw the line somewhere, and I was .02 of a point below the line. That seemed to me a hard margin to lose on.

He could not give me remission then, but, by way of consolation, told me that in case I made a third group the first term he would grant me the remission for the year, but for the present could do nothing. I was in present trouble and this thin prospect of future consolation did not console. I likewise brought up the matter of my unfortunate status at commons. He had the power to help me out. I wasn't brought up in a parlor and I'm afraid my manner lacked finish. In any case, I didn't impress, I only depressed him. Now, a poor man is proud not of the fact that he hasn't anything, but because he hasn't. My pride was all that I had left, and when you're in that state it is very easily hurt. I didn't want anything that didn't belong to me, I wasn't clamoring for my pound of flesh, but he was busy

and broke in on my story, saying that a man who can't pay three dollars a week for board doesn't belong in college, and concluded with: "This isn't a charitable institution." That was the last straw, and it was the hardest knock. It was the one thing that made me bitter.

I understand it now, and you must know that I hold nothing against him, and he, who has many such cases to decide, probably never thought about it again. But absolutely and without exception that was the blackest moment in my college career. The idea that people could imagine that I was looking for charity knocked my legs out from under me. I cut my classes for three or four days straight, brooded about the whole business, and decided that I was through with this place. I walked over to the Self-Help Bureau and asked the secretary what job he could get for a man outside.

It so happened that at just this time he had been asked to provide a man as companion to an invalid who was going to Florida. That sounded good to me, partly because it was far away, and I made up my mind I would take that

"THE FIRST NIGHT AFTER OUR EXAMINATIONS, ANOTHER FELLOW AND I SLEPT ON THE BENCHES IN THE PENN'S NECK STATION."

job. The secretary was to give me the details that afternoon.

I packed my grip and returned a few hours later prepared to go to Florida, but for once in my life luck was with me—the job was gone.

## CHAPTER VI

### ON THE DEFENSIVE

I SAY that I lost that Florida job, and was sorry. I really didn't know what to do next. I went out and walked my legs off. It's always a relief to get dead tired, and the next morning when I awoke I made up my mind that I'd stay here out of spite; I'd run up a bill, and if I couldn't pay it they'd have to throw me out. It was the only time that I ever felt this way in my life. All told, it was the darkest hour in my four years. Well, one thing helped; I now had some friends, and when I say friend I mean a fellow who will stick.

After a few days I'd pulled myself out of the dumps. I knew I had lost the pressing work, and I had to find something to do. You will remember I had been on the farm during the summer, and during the fall there was a certain amount of bookkeeping and an occasional day's

work at gathering crops. But so far this was all that was in sight. I saw that I had to start out on my own responsibility, and, instead of going to hunt up the work that was lying around loose, I decided, now that I knew more about college life and customs, to go out and manufacture the work. My first scheme in this line (and it was to be the first of many) I entered upon with another fellow, and it proved a failure. It was a scheme for selling to the freshmen black caps and jerseys. There was nothing wrong with the scheme intrinsically except that by the time we really got started all the freshmen had their caps and jerseys. For a week's hard work we cashed in three dollars and fifty cents apiece and the scheme was dead.

### Off to a Poor Start

I didn't really relish the idea of being advised to leave for non-payment of bills. That was only a momentary back-fire, and I made up my mind I was going to start in and get off this load that was hanging over me. Henry James says that the hero of Balzac's "Human Comedy" is the

twenty-franc piece. Now, the hero of my sophomore year was the dollar bill, and for the first part of the year especially my story revolves around the money question. You can see why. If in addition to the two hundred and fifty dollars, of which I have already spoken, I failed to get remission of tuition, it would add another one hundred dollars to my year's expenses at the start, to say nothing of room-rent, heat and light, and the other items which would be included in the term bill which was now due. I had to try to move that mountain, and I went after it.

Among other things that I took up was the delivering of papers, an hour in the morning and an hour in the evening. I likewise decided to cash in some of my previous year's experience and therefore went out scouting to find more furnaces to conquer. All told, I found four of them—that the owners were willing to intrust to me—and this year I dare say I did better. Nothing succeeds like failure, and I had certainly been a pretty good failure in my early weeks at that other furnace. In addition to these furnaces I found employment in an artist's studio. No, you're

joking, I wasn't a model. My face wouldn't let me do that; no such soft stuff was ever to come my way—I had to work for mine, but it was easy work. I was only handy boy around the studio—or tried to be—cleaned pictures, washed brushes, mowed the lawn in the early fall and spring, shined shoes, and did general janitor work. Did I mind? No. The artist was a splendid fellow, and made it as easy for me as he could. All this helped to make a start.

### The Students' Distributing Agency

Necessity is the mother of invention, and I was under the necessity of getting my bills paid and proving that I was not a charity patient, so I decided I would have to invent—promote, I suppose you'd say—and I soon became interested in two schemes, the first of which started on the suggestion of one of my very good friends who was to be my partner in this work for the rest of my college course. The scheme had originated something like this: We had noticed that monthly statements from the university store were delivered at the students' rooms by students. Evi-

dently this saved postage. Why couldn't the business men in town have their monthly student bills delivered in the same way? Instead of paying two cents for postage, they would pay us one cent a bill and save one cent. If we could get them to do this it would be to their advantage as well as to ours. The whole thing lay in getting it started right and in having some reliable merchant or business man give us his confidence.

This was no easy matter, but after a number of interviews, with the help of the secretary of the bureau, the man we wanted decided to give us a try.

The rest was easy, and we soon had started The Students' Distributing Agency, and distributed on the college grounds and to the students in town, at the seminary, and to the graduate students the monthly statements of two laundries, two restaurants, three drug-stores and soda-fountains, one furnishing house, and a telegraph office. In addition we took over a certain amount of what would now be called parcel-post business, which we later lost to the government. No, I bear no grudges. They do it about as well as

we did. The only difference is that we didn't lose money or get into a fuss with the railroads.

Evidently we had struck something good and we started to develop and expand the business. If we distributed statements, why not distribute circulars also and branch out into advertising? We decided it would be a good plan to persuade various establishments in and out of town to get their names prominently before the students by giving them some little souvenir and having us distribute it. We suggested something useful, a blotter, for instance, with their name and compliments, and they took up with it. Soon we were distributing blotters from several merchants in town, from a New York hotel, two fountain-pen manufacturers, a shoe-house, a tailor, and a barber. We worked the scheme until the boys held up their hands when they saw us coming, and for a time I must confess it did certainly rain blotters.

We saw we had reached the stage of diminishing returns; blotters were no longer welcome, and we began timidly to suggest celluloid rulers, inexpensive hat-cleaners, etc. In addition we dis-

tributed booklets and advertising circulars and samples of one sort and another. In this way I got to know every short cut in the dormitories, and, after having systematized the work, found that I could make a complete delivery in about two and a half hours. It saved money for them and it brought money to us, and we have stayed with and developed that business up to the present, until I suppose now it has become a college custom.

Now, there is one thing to be remembered about a new college enterprise. There is no patent or exclusive franchise, and if you start something of this sort that is new and begins to be good, and noise it around, a number of other fellows immediately go and do likewise and swamp your scheme. So we kept it dark until we had completely developed the system and were sure that an announcement of our advanced status and practical monopoly would bring us more business and tend to discourage imitation.

"You've Got to Hop Some"

But the Distributing Agency did not spring up in a single night; it was the work of many months, and as yet was in its infancy. In the meantime the Yale game was coming along, and, as the last year's circulation manager for the programmes had been graduated, I decided to apply for his place. I got it, and it was to lead to better things later on.

But don't imagine that I was living on Easy Street. It's a hard little world and you've got to hop some to beat the other fellow to it. Every once in so often a notice would come from the treasurer, and I had made up my mind I was going to cut down that bill.

You will remember that we had lost out on the scheme for selling freshmen caps and jerseys because some one else had been too quick for us. I decided to go in on another scheme and to get in earlier, and on the ground floor. It was after Christmas, and, as you know, the freshman is not allowed to wear a yellow slicker. He wears the black rubber coat. But I thought it would be a

good time to begin to take orders for the next September, when they would be sophomores; and of course every sophomore wears a yellow slicker just because he couldn't wear one as a freshman. It's the badge of all his tribe. There is a good profit to be made on slickers if you can buy them wholesale. We decided to get a somewhat better slicker than usual and sell it for a little less, and started around to take orders.

Now, ordinarily you can't find men in their rooms before 8.30 P. M. Dinner and the movies, about the only form of amusement off the campus, keep them until that time. Yes, the moving-picture show is now a recognized part of every student's education. We went at our work every night from 8.30 until 10.30 or 11. The whole scheme depended upon how we handled the freshmen. They follow each other like sheep, and if you can get one in a crowd you can get them all. We worked hard on this scheme, and the next fall when the slickers were delivered we had cleared one hundred dollars.

Yes, it was a good deal of work, and it kept me pretty busy, and there is only one other oc-

cupation that I need mention for the present. In the spring and fall I ran the traps for the gun club, and of course in the spring I again took charge of the distribution of the programmes at the games.

This was by far the hardest work that I have done during my college career. But things were humming, and I like to hear them hum, so I wasn't gloomy. I didn't have time for that. The work was interesting and not monotonous, and I got a lot of fun out of it, laughing with the crowd, or at them, or having them laugh at me.

### A Typical Day

How did I manage to crowd it all into one day? There wasn't any crowding; I was forced to reduce it to a system, and everything fitted in nicely. Yes, I can give you specimen days from my diary. Through the winter I got up at about 5, studied, and went out to take care of the furnaces—at one place, you will remember, I shined shoes and carried the coal, etc.; returned home at 7 or 7.05, took a shower and changed clothes, and was at the commons for breakfast

at 7.30, for I still worked at the commons; took charge of the stand for about an hour a day. Went to three classes in the morning; had lunch; in the afternoon put in two hours at the studio; would ride down on my wheel to the farm and take charge of the books for an hour and a half or two hours; came back for dinner; fixed up the furnaces for the night, which took about an hour; went home and studied a bit; and when there was distributing to do, did that, and when there was no distributing, went out canvassing for slickers. I got home between 10 and 11, studied for a while, and was up again between 4 and 5.30, according to the number of classes I had to prepare for that day. I did most of my studying in the early morning, while I was feeling fresh and when my time was uninterrupted. I think some wise old boy has said: "Six hours' sleep for a man, seven for a woman, eight for a fool." I got a man's sleep in those days, though now I take the eight—but then you know I'm a senior.

Did I find it hard to get recreation? No, not at all. It's a curious fact, but it's true, that the busier I was, and the more I had to do, the more

time I seemed to get for things outside and the more I enjoyed them. Some of the keenest moments of enjoyment that I ever remember having had were the little intervals of rest between two jobs when I came back to my room. Situated as it was, it was a kind of meeting-place, and after sitting and fooling with my classmates for a quarter of an hour or so I went off again feeling mighty cheerful.

In that schedule I am not counting the times I found to go down to the gym—and I did go down fairly often, except in the spring, when I played baseball—lectures, recitals, concerts, and the time I spent talking with the fellows in my room or in theirs, and now and then playing a game of chess. I'm glad to say, however, that I didn't have to work at that pace my next two years.

When did I get my fob? Oh, I'm very proud of that. It was given me for being a member of the championship baseball team of my class in that year.

## CHAPTER VII

### WITH COMPLIMENTS TO PADDY

My year's work looks more discouraging to you than it did to me. You must set it up against my previous experiences; and I see I must give you my points of comparison, and especially one comparison which I made very frequently to myself and which gave me a good deal of comfort. All I had to do to shake off the blues was to say to myself: "Remember 339." I thought I'd explained that? Well, it was like this.

You remember that as a youngster I had usually kept in pretty good trim and got a fair amount of physical exercise. But while at high school, during term time, what I did was mostly in the way of collecting—light work, you might call it—so that as a result I was somewhat soft and out of training in the summer. When I was sixteen I was looking for steady work, and finally joined a gang with pick and shovel.

Like a convict, I lost my name and became a number. I was "339." I stood down in the ditch with a lot of dagos. Above stood a burly Irishman with a black, half-eaten clay pipe in his face. He was so expert with that pipe that he could swear without removing or holding it. That was his business—I mean swearing at us. It was his idea of encouragement, and gave him a good deal of private satisfaction besides. As a matter of fact, his cussing didn't really do any harm, because I was about the only man in the gang who understood his lingo.

I always remembered my experiences, especially my first morning there, and it will serve as a "point of comparison." It was broiling hot and we were sizzling in the sun. My arms were sore and my back stiff as a board. I had worked for what seemed half a day and was pricking up my ears for the whistle. After digging for what seemed another long hour, I turned to the Italian next me and finally made him understand that I wanted to know what time it was. He leans his shovel against him, pulls up two shirts, pulls out a watch like a clock, and says: "Hava pasta

nine!" I don't see how it ever struck twelve that day. I honestly thought it never would. That summer I stood in the ditch with a row of Italians, to whom I couldn't talk, bending over my pick and shovel "from morn to dewy eve," though I confess I had no time to think whether the eve was "dewy" or not.

### More Work than Poetry

By the way, while we're talking Milton, I remember one of my preceptors was discussing the question of what is poetry with a group of us one day, and brought up the lines:

> "Now came still evening on, and twilight gray
> Had in her sober livery all things clad,"

and was asking us why this was good poetry. They say the masses don't appreciate poetry, and I like to think that I belong to the masses. Those lines are beautiful to me now, but they can be poetry only to the man who is free from care and has time to let his thoughts wander to things outside. It's nothing to feel highbrow about—any laborer has the same innate capacity—but

you can't expect the man who has worked with the hoe or with pick and shovel all day to appreciate lines like that. He is tired and hungry, wants to eat and sleep, and his thoughts are centred on his own bodily needs. Well, there was no poetry about that work of mine. I was earning my dollar and a half (toward the end, two dollars) for ten hours' work, and that's all there was to it. I carried my dinner, about eight sandwiches and a bottle of milk or two bottles of beer, and ate it on the edge of the ditch as Number 339 of the section gang. It was the same thing from morning to night; the only variety or possible change in "the day's occupation" came when the Irish boss had discovered a new cuss word. He spent his time between oaths in thinking up new ones, and, like most Irishmen, he was imaginative and fluent. He let me know that I was working for him and that I was his man, and, like most of his class, after he had been told by my brother that I was in the high school, he felt a dumb resentment at the fact of my having more "education" than the boss and rubbed it in on every occasion. I say

there was no variety in my work as 339 of the wop gang. That's a slight misstatement.

For a time some of us were detailed to unload one-hundred-pound sewer-pipes, and since now and then, when Paddy's oaths got monotonous, or he had discovered some really offensive phrase, I told him in language that he could understand to cut it out, he picked me for this job. I wasn't going to let him bluff me. He wanted the satisfaction of seeing me cave in, and I wasn't going to give it to him. We lock-stepped with those pipes on our shoulders, and I tell you mine were peeled and raw as a beefsteak from my neck to my arm. I carried them from the car to the ditch all day to an obligato of Irish oaths and "Hur-r-ry up, smairty; get a move on ye, ye ———," with now and then a choicer bar. As I was carrying those pipes I said to myself: "My boy, that's all you're fitted for or you wouldn't be here." So I made up my mind that I wasn't going to stay and left Paddy without much hand-shaking.

Well, that's what life had been like, on occasions, before I came to college. The conditions

under which I worked now made work seem play. Everybody had a smile or a cheerful word. None of the boys ever treated me with anything but respect because I earned my way, and all gave me help and encouragement. There was no distinction. The finest thing about it was the fact that there was no snobbish condescension. We were all on the same footing. I wasn't working for them; I was only one of them who worked.

So, on days when hours seemed long or work ran harder than usual, I used to remind myself of that fluent Irishman and 339 and forget about it. Compared to my time with the gang, my hardest day in college was pretty much paradise.

Yes, I would have broken even with the treasurer, but in the course of the year certain obligations had fallen to my share; still, at the end of the session I owed him only a small amount, which I felt could be paid up before the opening of college in September.

### An Old Partner of Mine

But before I dismiss this matter I want to say a word about my partner in the Agency, be-

cause he is one of the most interesting and finest types of college man, and he stands out pretty well against my older acquaintance, Paddy. He is one of the most unselfish and altruistic fellows it has ever been my good fortune to know; a hard worker, but he doesn't talk about his work—his work talks for him. He is a Phi Beta Kappa man, but he doesn't live in his books alone. For three years he has run the launch for the 'varsity crews—out of college spirit; he is business manager of two of the most important undergraduate publications, just because he doesn't want to loaf; he takes a leading part in every Red-Cross scheme in the college—out of humanity; he has been one of the main factors in the development of the Undergraduate Schools Committee, because he feels he ought to do something for Princeton in the country at large; he has prepared several of the important undergraduate handbooks and programmes, and for recreation he teaches a class of negroes on Sunday afternoons. Besides all this, he always has time for everybody and for everything new. Well, it was he who first hit on the idea of the

Distributing Agency. As I see it now, he started that scheme not so much with the idea of making money for himself, for he didn't need it, but primarily to help me. It proved to be a good thing. He suggested that we divide on the twenty per cent and eighty per cent basis, he to take the twenty per cent. I couldn't see it that way, and told him if there was going to be a partnership it would have to be on even terms and on a fifty-fifty basis.

I'll probably have to speak about him again, so I won't mention some of his other interests. If the Distributing Agency was a success, it's no wonder—he was behind it. And if you get the notion that I was having a hard time, remember that I had friends like that, and dismiss the notion. It isn't hard to live in a world with fellows of that sort. I liked the life.

### The Hardest Year, but the Best Yet

Do I regret that year? No, it was by far the hardest that I was to have, but in many ways it was the most useful. You can't carry a schedule of that sort and waste time. I didn't fall off

in my studies. The best grades I ever received in college I received in these two terms. I got a very high third general for the year, and, as you will remember, obtained permission to enter the honors courses in my department the next fall.

The great value of that year lay in the fact that it taught me how to use every moment of time. I could study for ten minutes and get ten minutes' worth of study out of it. I got into my books immediately, and learned to work rapidly when I had time to work. This one lesson has been one of the greatest things that my college course was to give me. But now the worst was over, and the next two years were to be relatively easy.

The gloom with which I had started the year had completely worn off. I felt that I had made progress, that it was the best year that I had yet had. Indeed, that is the feeling I have had at the close of every one of my years at Princeton.

## CHAPTER VIII

### UNDERGRADUATE BIG BUSINESS

It is a law of physics that action and reaction are equal and opposite. You couldn't expect a fellow to go through what I have just told you without its leaving him some kind of a souvenir. The last time I had been sick was about twelve years before, and I had since often been told, as they looked me over, that "it's hard to kill a weed." But evidently something had gone wrong.

I started off the summer vacation feeling pretty tired, but with a sense of relief. The biggest fights I have ever had have been with myself. Many of these I had in sophomore year, trying to fight off sleep. I can remember now hearing that alarm-clock go off at five in the morning, when it seemed that I had just fallen asleep, and there in the darkness wrestling with myself and finally with a jump getting up

to go at it again and visit my hungry furnaces. There is something perverse about a furnace, anyway—you have to take care of it in the worst time of the year and go out to meet it when it's dark and cold. It wouldn't be so bad if they could be run in the summer. When I took care of them I was always in a hurry, and, stoking up, I would get very hot and then have to rush out through the cold winter morning to another. I had contracted a number of colds, and had literally suffered during that year from lack of sleep.

### A Popular Professor

This had forced me occasionally to impose on my indulgent professors. Now and then I had stolen a nap. I dozed while they thundered on. There was one man's class in which I slept quite regularly and without reproof. With me he was a popular professor. Unfortunately, his course came only three days a week, and these little kitten naps that you steal sitting up only make you hungry for more. I developed the bad habit of wanting to sleep, and one day it hit me in the

wrong way, at the wrong time, and in the wrong place. That class was really too small to sleep in. But I fell asleep, and, worse luck, began to snore!

A fellow poked me with: "Hey, he's looking at you." I woke with a start and, to do something, looked at my watch. I had slept forty-five minutes. The professor was staring at me, and the class had turned around to look.

I said: "Good night! I've flunked this course."

Evidently that professor was near-sighted. I got by with it, for, as I told you, I worked hard enough and had luck enough as a sophomore to be allowed to enter the new courses for honors students at the beginning of my junior year. Why I didn't stay in honors is another story, but I owe it in fairness to everybody to say that I left on request—on request, that is, of my department.

But, in any case, when I began the summer's vacation by working on the farm I was just a little bit fagged. My official position was now that of bookkeeper.

I wasn't very well acquainted with the various

diseases, and so, though I had contracted malarial fever, I didn't know it. But I hadn't been feeling very well, and after a few weeks decided I'd better get a leave of absence. I went home and went to the hospital to have a slight operation on my nose. On leaving the clinic I collapsed on the steps of a friend's house. I was ashamed of myself, but I was physically exhausted in the full and complete sense of that word, and it wasn't hard for something to get to me and lord it over me. Malaria had taken advantage of her opportunity. I got a three weeks' rest-cure, and woke up one day feeling fine, went out for a walk, came back dead tired, and slept for twenty hours. A call came from the manager of the farm. He wanted me to take up the books again. I was still a little shivery, but came down the next week and worked off a good deal of my indisposition before the end of summer.

I did farm work besides the bookkeeping, and it was lots of fun. That year the management gave prizes to the five men who could raise the greatest amount of produce off an acre of ground. It was a sort of Panama Canal scheme. Yes, I

got one of the prizes; but you needn't say anything about that, for there were no blanks. Every one got in on a prize!

College opened with a bang. You'll remember that the last spring I had taken orders for slickers, and the first couple of weeks I was busy delivering them to the crowd of new sophomores. Yes, I had good luck with that deal. The freshmen are the easiest fellows to deal with in college. They want you to think that they are wise, and they do things in flocks because each one wants to do what the other fellow does. So, as I have said, if we got one freshman in a crowd to sign up for a slicker, all the rest followed like sheep. That's why the freshmen are so easily imposed upon by the schemers around college. In addition to that I was signing up men for the Pressing Establishment. How had I gotten back in? It's a long story. All right, I'll tell you.

### The Undergraduate Magnate

Well, my entrance into the Students' Pressing Establishment marks a new chapter in my financial experiments, and it will be pretty hard to

explain the whole situation. Up to this time, with the exception of the Distributing Agency, I had worked at what might be called odd jobs. I was the employee. I was now about to become an undergraduate business man, and because of the conditions of college life it is pretty hard for a man—pretty nearly impossible—to get into it before the junior year. Seniority counts for a good deal in college. And then there is a prejudice against the sophomore and the freshman; they have no status in college when it comes to serious things; they only count in the catalogue. Undergraduate business, furthermore, is necessarily very complicated, and once in a while a selfish individual makes it more than complicated. You know, it must be completely reorganized every year. It grows up at haphazard, has its ups and downs, and it is difficult to tell where one partner's interest begins and ends. Furthermore, students, as a rule, are apprentices at business.

I will illustrate from the history of only one student enterprise—though it would not be fair to take this as typical, except along certain lines. Usually there is no capital, there is only good-

will. In this case there had been a little capital, but the good-will had by this time leaked out. In a certain year an upper classman had conceived the idea that it would be a good thing to start a pressing establishment on the campus for the students. He procured a room, bought the necessary tools and materials, and, by hiring experienced outside help to do the pressing and students to do the collecting and delivering, started up a business. It prospered, and when he had developed it to its maximum of efficiency he was graduated. That business, of course, had belonged to him. It was his idea, his capital, and his plant. He still had a number of accounts due him. As was natural, he carried off the books and collected the accounts. As he was a generous chap, he turned over the business and all the paraphernalia to three men, one of whom was to be the manager for the succeeding year. He did not sell it to them. He was merely allowing them to run it during their time in college, they in turn to pass it on to their successors. Now, you can see that the status of the new manager, who did not own the business, who is merely manager

and not proprietor, as the founder was, will be somewhat undefined; and here, as in many cases, there was no constitution by which they could be guided.

When, then, the second manager's college career ended he had no valid precedents to go by. What was to become of outstanding accounts now, and how were the profits to be divided? After an undergraduate business scheme has gone through several such processes of reorganization you can see that it stands a first-rate chance of being so hopelessly muddled that a Philadelphia lawyer couldn't straighten it out. This had come to be the case in the Students' Pressing Establishment at the time of my entrance. Everything was at sixes and sevens.

Does the Bureau of Self-Help have any connection with these business organizations? I should say it did! That is, it does now. Ordinarily the bureau does not bother about enterprises that are running along smoothly, but when a hitch comes the bureau straightens it out and turns it back to the students. One of the men, whose status as one of the managers was doubt-

ful, wanted to get out and I wanted to get in. I did.

Did the secretary of the bureau know anything about this? Yes, he did. There were subsequent complications and I had to go to him and explain the whole situation. As you know, there is now a new secretary of the bureau. When I had got all through, after I thought I had told him everything, this new secretary started in where I left off and continued the story. It was a case of "continued in our next," and he knew more about that business than I did. But, after all, he left me in my place. Yes, I am the manager now. And after that conversation with the secretary I had a lot of respect for him. He is a peach of a lad, anyway.

Why was I so anxious to get in? Because I knew that this could be made a good business if it were properly run. I knew something about it, for I had worked for the establishment in my freshman year. There was a chance to get in, and, as I intended to be part of it, I took the chance.

The method which is now in vogue and which

has proved most satisfactory is to take in by competition one member of the freshman class every year. In sophomore year he is given a position of minor importance, he rises as a junior, and as senior becomes manager. This provides for a regular progression.

### Staking His Reputation

For reasons which I need not mention, at that time the Students' Pressing Establishment didn't stand too well on the campus. Signing up customers was therefore no easy job. Everybody had lost faith in the establishment. Student traditions persist, and we had to keep the name of the firm, and that name was then no longer a good one. At the mention of it the fellows would look the other way, for a great many of them were my friends and they hated to hurt my feelings. Yes, for one reason and another I had been very much in evidence on the campus during the past two years, and therefore, like the village blacksmith, almost every one knew me. When I met men who had been too slow to sign up with some other pressing firm, there were un-

comfortable moments for both of us, and I finally signed up my men by staking my reputation that we would come through to their entire satisfaction. It was like pulling teeth, but I was bound to do my best to try to make it go.

Was I still doing other work? Oh, yes. I had my stint at the commons, I was bookkeeper for the farm until January 1, was doing my share for the Distributing Agency—which, incidentally, was humming now—and I worked in the library twelve hours a week. Don't get the idea that I was the librarian. I sat in the cellar arranging dusty books, or up-stairs somewhere, and pasted labels into them. I threw up that job after a while, and, now that I had learned how to run them, I didn't take care of any more furnaces.

### Business Efficiency

But with this new work in the Pressing Establishment I realized that I was beginning another chapter. It was Pike's Peak or bust, so we started to develop the business. As to the executive end of the work, we got up a constitution and tried to put the thing on a businesslike

basis. There was no longer to be any appeal to any one's sentiment. People were going to get value received for their money. We held weekly meetings and kept minutes and discussed the complaints and suggestions. We brought in a new system and made it compete successfully with other establishments of the same sort in town. Our pressers had been losing a lot of time walking to and fro heating their irons over the gas. We installed electric irons and gained about 15 per cent in efficiency. One of the complaints had been due to the fact that the men delivering the clothes and carrying them over their arm mussed them up somewhat, especially in damp weather. So we designed and had made for us a wagon that could be easily pushed about on the campus. It is the one we still use, and, so far as I know, is the only one of its kind in existence. It carries sixty suits, and they are hung as they are in a wardrobe, so that the suits are now delivered in perfect condition. It eliminated many complaints and saved us the time of two men, and after some hard work we made out very well on the year's business; and,

as my regular position there now brought me a snug little sum, I began to have more time to circulate on my own account.

## "Parlor-Snake Stuff"

I suppose you could say that I was slowly getting an entrée into what you might call high-brow society; but I never could pull that line of talk and feel easy. I tried that flowery stuff once and fell down. I guess it takes more than four years to put that into a fellow. But I didn't hanker for it; I did it for fun, the way a nice girl might try to smoke a cigarette. I confess it never appealed to me, from the very first freshman reception that I attended, and that was my first plunge. It struck me as hollow and affected.

You want to know how I feel about it? Well, it's very strange to me. You take a lot of fellows in a college room, somebody's den, with their coats off and feet on the table—each chap talks because he wants to and says what he believes. You are man for man and every one is taken at his face value. You take that same crowd in

dress suits and a lot of young ladies around—I don't know how to express it, but there is a psychological atmosphere that makes them anything but themselves. When they come out with that parlor-snake stuff they don't believe it, or expect any one else to. They are trying to get away with something. Instead of being willing to be taken at 100 per cent face value, they are trying to get away with 150 per cent. I haven't got those manners, but I suppose you've got to have them. No, I never wore a dress suit; I'm afraid it would bind me.

One day I ran into a crowd of my swell friends. They asked me where I was from and I told them. You know, it is the slum section of my town, and you probably have some idea of what it is like from what I have told you.

When I told the crowd where I came from one of the fellows gave me a queer glance, as much as to say:

"You don't look like a rough-neck."

It was all the same to them whether I came from Rotten Row or from Riverside Drive.

I remember on another occasion, when I told

a young lady interested in social work about the part of the country from which I came, she said:

"Then you have heard about B——," referring to my section, which goes by a rather ugly name.

"Yes," I said, "I'd be delighted to take you through some time."

"So you're interested in social economics?"

"Yes," I said, "very much, but I am more interested in my old home."

Do I still live in the house where I lived as a boy? Oh, no, not many poor fellows have that good or bad luck. A poor family moves often. But we still live over in that section of the country, and I go back quite regularly.

I don't feel that I have lost touch with my former acquaintances over there. I still call them by their nicknames when I see them. You remember that railroad detective who marched me to the station once under rather interesting circumstances? He's become a regular member of the police force, and he takes off his hat to me now when we pass. I believe he's one of the few in the old place who call me mister.

### Is College Democratic?

What do I think of my high-bred friends as a lot? A mighty fine crowd. There are very few of them who, if they have money, let you know it. The fellows who are the snobs are either the *nouveaux riches*, or fellows whose parents have gone to rack and ruin because they are trying to keep up appearances and have nothing to do it on. I may be wrong, but that's been my experience.

Is college life more democratic than the life outside? Say, that's a humdinger of a question. I can't answer. You make me talk as if I were on the witness-stand. My opinion? All right. College life as I have found it has been very democratic. It wouldn't have been any place for me if it hadn't been, for I had never been out among people before I came here, and the class that I'd been brought up with are fiercely democratic. There are distinctions in college, but they are not the same distinctions as in the outside world and they are not based on your parents' status. Men are divided along different lines.

There is the athlete and the scholar, the good fellow and the stay-at-home. It's a case of birds of a feather. Then, too, there are distinctions between the college classes. In my freshman year an upper classman thought he condescended and laid up treasure in heaven when he spoke to a freshman like myself. I myself as a sophomore felt for the first months that I was lowering myself to speak to a freshman, but I tell you that that went away awfully fast, and not in my case alone. I think it's general. There are social snobs, but they are having a poor time of it, and they are so few that they are not even making a crowd for themselves.

The college is not responsible for a few isolated cases like that. You meet them everywhere, and you can't expect to find everybody ideal. College is an isolated community, and the knocks you get here are not as hard as those in the outside world, but you've got to expect some. Every fellow in college will meet with the same kind of treatment. His own face will be reflected in the other fellow's face: a smile will bring a smile, a jest a jest, and a gloom a gloom. I learned that

early, so I decided to be my own gloom-consumer, and when I was blue I kept it to myself or told only a very few of my very best friends. But I don't think any place can be really more democratic in this world than a place like Princeton after a football victory over Yale. When college interests really bind men together everything else is lost sight of, and in college life college interests generally predominate.

Would I say that any one discriminated against me because I was working my way? I think I said no to that before, but I'd like to make it emphatic. I received all sorts of encouragement, as do any and all fellows who work their way. The trouble is that some fellows who are "working their way" and are clamoring for a job are afraid to dirty their hands when a job is offered them. My advice to the man who has to work is to swallow his pride when a job comes along, and do it. If he is too genteel for any honest work that has to be done, let him stay away—for his own good. He will be in everybody's way, including his own. No one is discriminated against for doing any honest piece of work hon-

"I MUST HAVE BEEN A QUEER SIGHT ON THE FRONT CAMPUS SITTING ON A BENCH WITH MY STRAPPED CARD-BOARD GRIP."

estly. By this time I had turned my hand to about everything, and I never noticed any difference in the attitude of any one worth while around college.

## CHAPTER IX

### DON'T BE A TURTLE

BEFORE I begin to talk about my lazy years, I dare say that I hadn't been a turtle. No, the turtle isn't a secret society. I'll have to explain, because I first got a lot of fun thinking about that reptile, and later some solid satisfaction. There was an unused top floor in an annex of my high school and it was decided to institute a course in manual training. The department was turned over to an old German who looked like Socrates and whom we'll call Johann. His qualifications for this work were somewhat unique. He had owned a carpet-cleaning establishment and prior to that had been an undertaker. I sometimes thought that his career as undertaker had left its mark on him, and that he was trying to kill us; for, as dead men, it would have been easier for him to handle us. Living, we gave him a good deal of worry.

During the noon hour he used to console himself in the saloon across the way. After he started in the school work he became like other teachers and rapidly acquired the idea that the whole educational system existed for the purpose of finally teaching manual training. He used to tell us that "dee chief events of manual training ees to learn to deevelop dee faculties of dee prain." It became for him the alpha and omega of all education, and, above all, it inculcated the final virtue of industry. I used to try to create the illusion of being busy by working my plane with a full-arm swing and making great heaps of shavings, till he walked up one day, looked at the heap, looked at me, and mumbled in disgust as he scratched his head: "Dee more shavings, dee less prains."

I had learned a good deal of this wisdom from old Johann. He used to remind us that America was the country of opportunity, and, as the prime example of success, used to cite himself and tell us how when he arrived here as a penniless emigrant he had gone out into a little lumber camp. "Dey vas five Irishmens und I vas dee sixd, und

vee vent oud in dee voods chopping vood." This little preludio always brought him a round of applause from young America.

Well, Johann was not a patient man, and I tried his soul, so he used to labor with argument and threat to teach me industry, of which, under the circumstances, I naturally pretended to have even less than I had. I once drove him to despair and he left me to think over my sins. After about ten minutes of deep contemplation he walked slowly up to the blackboard and drew (he was an excellent draftsman) a large picture of a turtle. He had left me in anger and returned to stand by me in a mood of entreaty. "Now, X," he said, calling me by my first name, "I vant you to do someding for me. Venever you come in dis room, look up at dot picdure, und say to yourself: 'Doan be a tuddle. Doan be a schlow, crawling creadure.' Und den *git to voork.* Now, remember dot as long as you lif." Well, between you and me, I have and I will.

Old Johann had a good deal of interest in us, but he didn't understand our kind, and we used to drive him into fits of frantic temper and rage,

and I had the notion that he was an ugly old bear, until I learned from one of the boys who lived near him that his wife had for ten years been a helpless paralytic and that at home, where he spent all of his time after school hours, he was as tender and devoted as a child. About this time in my college career the old fellow died (God rest his soul); and if I tell you all this it is because his death brought it back to me with peculiar force, and it was some satisfaction to recall that, if I had wasted a good deal of his patience and time, I had at least not forgotten the big lesson he had tried to teach me. When I remembered all the times I had laughed at poor old Johann, I felt I had made some amends, at least, by not having been altogether a turtle. At least I suppose I can say I hadn't been so up to this time.

### Recreation

Of course I was a junior now, and took things more easily. I went home more often and had more hours for recreation. Some of it I still took out in the way of athletics. Baseball and

basket-ball were my craze. I had learned to play tennis while I was working on the farm in the summer, and in the evenings or on rainy days I turned to indoor sport occasionally and played my game of chess. I didn't play cards; except once in a while, when both of us were blue, my roommate and I played for a "jigger." Of course I had played before I got to college. You couldn't have lived where I had lived and not play cards. I suppose I knew almost every game that is played with pasteboards, but I thought it was best to cut it out. You will remember that I took a bottle of beer occasionally when I was 339. I gave that up, too, and I didn't smoke until I came to be a senior. But I had nearly smoked myself to death when I was nine. I dropped it at that time. You see, I'd had my chance to go to the dogs before I got here. Many fellows don't get theirs until they come to college. I didn't think it was worth while to fool with that kind of stuff any longer.

"Bright College Years"

Oh, yes, I'd learned a lot of poor stunts in the streets. But there was one good thing that I learned and it has helped to make life pleasant for me. I suppose it was there that I picked up a manner which makes it possible for me to approach fellows without the formality of an introduction. I have always managed to get in with a congenial crowd, and before I got through with them always had a good time. No matter how busy I was, I was happy. You can't help being happy here if you take it right. You ought to be. If a man can't be happy in college there is something wrong with him, and he'll never be happy anywhere.

Now that I could see daylight ahead, the time flew so quickly that days and weeks were gone before I knew it. I never worried when I had work. It was only when I didn't that I had worried, and now things were running nicely. When I was keyed up doing a thousand and one different things I came to have the keenest enjoyment in life. No, I was not doing "society";

that never was my line; but I was learning a good deal about a kind of life which had been absolutely new and strange to me. Of course I had never seen men live the way the wealthy fellows do around college. I wasn't only watching "the other half," I came into pretty close contact with them.

But the worst of the fight was over now. My work at the library and at commons was enough to pay for all of my board and a good part of my room-rent, for I was getting a room in Hill Dormitory that had been left unoccupied for less than I had paid in my freshman year. I now knew my way around and could reduce my regular overhead charges. What I received from the Pressing Establishment and the Distributing Agency, the management of the sales of programmes and incidental work, gave me a margin on which to pay off old debts and live a little more easily. I dressed like the other fellows, for you know none of us spends much money on clothes here—I suppose because there are no co-eds. And one of the nice things about it was the fact that money now came in bunches. I

sat back in my room and waited for it. As a sophomore, it was three or five dollars at a clip. Now it usually came in checks of twenty-five or fifty, and, as the work was organized, my time was not chopped up as it had been. But don't get the notion that I was living on three meals a day and my books. There was something to do now and then, after all, but just enough to make life interesting.

Did the boys treat me any differently when I was a manager than they did when I was stoking furnaces and blacking shoes? They certainly did not. And I can finish up this talk on democracy with an instance that will show you the situation. When I had to leave town I got at times some very wealthy boys to substitute for me and do this "dirty work." Did they do it to oblige me? They surely did, and when I offered them their share of the month's pay they wouldn't take it, and, if I forced it on them later, took it and kept it as a souvenir. It's an ideal world we live in. It isn't everywhere you go that you can be taken for what you are worth.

Oh, no, I wasn't wasting my time, and I

wouldn't call myself a magnate. I did lots of work myself and had many long, hard days, but I liked what I was doing and did it for its own sake as well as its cash value. When you get right down to hard work and finally accomplish something, you have a feeling of keen inward satisfaction. You know it, a sort of self-satisfied feeling for the moment, and self-congratulatory. It's a feeling of reward for the work's sake. I didn't do as much physical work as I had done, and I didn't have to put in as many hours as I had done as freshman or sophomore. I had learned how to do a good many things, and I suppose you might say that I was beginning to be paid for "knowing how." I liked scheming and planning. Yes, I can give you an instance.

### Getting Paid for an Idea

It was getting warm again. The winter was over and the world had a pleasant look. I was carrying around my circulars for the Distributing Agency, stepped into a room in Blair, and ran into a crowd of fellows discussing things. They were the business and editorial departments of the

newly created *Princeton Pictorial Review*. They asked me if I would handle their "*Pics*" for the Cornell and Yale games. I told them that I would probably be taking care of a reunion class but that I would consider it. How many did they expect to sell? One hundred, they said.

"I want your outside limit."

"A hundred and twenty-five."

"Well," I said, "I'll let you know in a couple of days."

As I went on distributing the circulars I had what I thought was a bright idea. I knew that no programme was to be issued that year for the Cornell or Yale baseball games, so I went to the secretary of the Self-Help Bureau and asked him if I couldn't get out a programme for him, print it in the "*Pic*," and use the "*Pic*" as the programme. He said I'd have to make arrangements with the treasurer of the athletic association. That was easy. I went back to the room in Blair. The same fellows were still having the same conference. I said to them: "What's your proposition if I take the job?"

"Two cents a copy on all copies sold."

I said: "The men selling for me, of course, are to get five."

They agreed.

You don't understand? Well, you must remember that I had organized a system of selling college magazines, programmes, etc. I had picked out the best sellers in college and I paid them the regular rate. In addition I got a commission on all sales for taking complete charge of the distribution, turning in the funds, and so forth.

Now, in this arrangement with the "*Pic*," you understand, of course, that I was to manage all the sales. I said to them:

"You expect me to sell one hundred and twenty-five as an outside limit?"

"Yes."

"I've listened to your proposition, now you listen to mine. Will you be willing to give me five cents a copy as my commission on every '*Pic*' I sell over one hundred and twenty-five?"

"Yes."

"All right, it's a go. Order three hundred for the Cornell game and two thousand for the Yale game."

They thought I'd gone crazy.

"What's the idea?"

And I told them: "The '*Pic*' is a new institution. You advertise in *The Princetonian* and in *The Alumni Weekly* that we are going to bring *The Pictorial Review* before the alumni at the Yale game by selling it instead of the regular programme. This '*Pic*' will be a regular issue, with the exception that there will be a baseball lineup in the centre of it."

The fellows thought this was good stuff. Nevertheless, they were a little bit afraid of themselves, and gave me only two hundred "*Pics*" for the Cornell game. The baseball programme for the Cornell game was printed in the issue, and we also inserted a loose-leaved track programme, as there was also a track meet that day.

I had sold out the issue a half-hour before the game began. This gave them confidence; but they thought I was earning too much money, so they cut down my commission for the Yale game. My original proposition had taken them off their feet, and I therefore agreed to the reduction. Some days later they suggested a fur-

ther reduction and wanted to give me only half of the original commission. I said:

"Business is business. Either you pay me three cents and a half or all bets are off and there will be no programme."

But, to show that I had more confidence in the proposition than they did, I guaranteed to sell at least one thousand before I took any commission whatever. This relieved them of their anxiety and they agreed. I engaged picked men as salesmen, and on the day of the Yale game sold one thousand nine hundred and twenty copies, instead of the one hundred and twenty-five they had counted on. The business manager was elated. So was I. It wasn't a bad day's work, and, besides, in the words of William Shakespeare, it had been 'as easy as lying' and much safer.

How were my studies progressing? Fair to middling. They interested me, of course—that's why I came to college; but I had also come with the definite idea of becoming a teacher. I had been brought up by teachers and wanted to be one myself, but unconsciously I defeated my own

purpose. I was becoming involved in so many varied business deals, especially in my last two years, and was expending so much interest and energy upon them, that I had come to feel that I should very likely enter "business" as my "profession."

Yes, I was getting along first-rate financially, and had come to the point where I could turn odd jobs away if I wanted to. I earned a great deal more than I had previously, and was beginning to get into the managing of things. I was not living extravagantly, though more comfortably.

No, I was not putting money in the bank. There were other places for it.

Yes, I practically always owed the treasurer money, but it was now from force of habit and not from force of circumstances. I don't mean by that that when I had money I didn't pay him; but I had many uses for the money which I can't explain to you, and I enjoyed a certain sense of security in knowing that I could always pay my treasurer's bill when I had to.

## CHAPTER X

### A SENIOR AT LAST

WELL, I was a senior now. How did it seem to be in my last year? It was in the natural course of events. I had expected to become a senior and it was all O. K. No, there wasn't the feeling of jubilation that I had in passing from freshman to sophomore year. My old troubles were practically over and it was easy sledding. I knew where I was going to live; I had my room in Reunion; I had my friends. Furthermore, I had my work cut out for me, and I now knew how to do it.

Was I looking for more work? Yes, I was always doing that, but it now came without my going after it; and what I wanted most was new work in the way of organizing and starting things that gave me a chance to use my past experience.

You remember when I came as a freshman that morning before eight o'clock and sat with

my little satchel out on the front campus like a lost soul, and wondered at the fellows in flannel trousers who were greeting each other as they came along the walk toward Nassau Hall? Well, I was one of those fellows in flannel trousers now, and I suppose poor freshmen with lumps in their throats wondered at prosperous me. Any freshman who came as I had come must certainly have thought about me as I did about the other fellows when I was a freshie. He must have believed that I was a prime hypocrite. I was going around like the rest of them, shaking hands, feeling fine to see them again, and saying:

"How are you?"

"Have you had a pleasant summer?"

Did I see any freshman who looked as if he were in just about the same fix I was in when I first hit the campus?

Yes, it was odd—I did see one such chap, and college had opened again on the same kind of sunny autumn day. He was sitting there under the trees on a bench near Nassau Hall waiting for the world to clear up and for something to happen to him. But now the rôles were inverted

and I was going around doing the signing up for the Pressing Establishment. I even walked up to the frightened little chap, but I didn't ask him to sign up, and between three or four of us we certainly tried to make him feel at home; and, just as I had been given a bunk on my first night, a couple of us now gave him one. Just now he's making the same fight that I did, and I wish him luck.

They do call the seniors "grave," but I don't think they really are so. They are older. They are men now, and some of the pop and effervescence is gone. They don't pull off any boys' tricks because they've outgrown them. When a freshman arrives he wonders what he is up against and he tries hard to be a part of something that he does not really understand. A senior knows what he's here for, and he knows, too, that in the near future he is going out to have his share of the world's responsibilities. The under classman has no sense of time, and the sophomore lives and acts as though college life were going to last forever. That's what makes the soph look so foolish to the man outside, and I suppose

that's why they call immature stuff sophomoric. All that I can say is that when I got to senior year I was grave in comparison with what I had been as a sophomore, because I began to get whiffs from the world outside, and once in a while the thought of the permanent job, of the life-work, came to me as I sat reading in my room in the evening.

## His First Vacation

College had opened and we were at it again. The summer was over and I was feeling fine. I had been at work at a country club in June and July, but illness at home forced me to come back, and, as I could now afford it, I did so. Fortunately the illness was not as serious as we had feared and after a little while my younger brother and I were free to take time out. We took a bumming trip on an ice-boat and had bunks in one of a string of about fifty barges that were being towed up the Hudson by a tug. After about three days of this rapid transit (the first day we had only made Grant's Tomb) we struck a little one-horse town and got out on shore, and

on looking up at one of the corners I saw the usual lager sign, with another sign underneath advertising a reading-room. I went in.

Which sign was it that persuaded me? The other one. I hadn't seen a newspaper in three days. There were two elderly fellows inside; one had a white apron around his rather corpulent body. He didn't look like the librarian. He belonged to the other sign. The other gentleman was a cripple of about sixty-five, with long white whiskers, and wore a starry badge. My younger brother, who likes his fun as well as I do, whipped out his handkerchief and began to shine the spot on his own coat where a badge would have been had he worn one. The old fellow looked disapprovingly at this act of *lèse-majesté*, began to limp around impatiently, and we were promptly informed that he was the sheriff. The sheriff looked us over with an evil eye. I said:

"Is this a public reading-room?"

"Well, ain't nobody been turned out of here yet," said the man in the white apron.

"Provided he behaves himself," added the sheriff.

Well, we behaved ourselves, and read the papers, and then moved on to other sleepy Rip Van Winkle villages and towns, and after some lazy days of this sort I came back feeling ready for anything. So I started the new year in first-rate physical condition.

One of the main features of the opening heyday was conspicuously absent. Horsing was gone. *Requiescat in pace.* If it was missed we didn't notice it, and I don't believe the freshmen missed it either.

Do I think it a mark of effeminacy that horsing should have been given up? No, I think it is a mark of manliness. We are growing up and changing with the times. It may have been necessary once, but I don't think it is any longer.

### Closing the Books

How about my treasurer's bill? Oh, that was all right. I received my usual notice from the treasurer that he would like to have me pay up my balance, as he "wished to close his books." I went in and told him to go ahead and close his books, not to mind me; then I assured him that

he would be paid *in toto* before I was graduated, but what I needed was a little time. Even now at the end of the year there is a slight bill against me, but it will be cleared away before I bid him good-by. We are the best of friends. As a matter of fact, so far as I know, I haven't an enemy in the place, and I certainly bear no grudge against any one.

Things went along swimmingly. I think I told you it was one long joy-ride. That's no mere talk. It's a fact. If any one has ever had a better time than I have had this year, I'd like to shake hands with that man.

You want to know something about my new schemes? They were of all kinds. I started to raise the sales of the New York *Times*. That was a failure. But I have just now come back from a trip as advertising agent for the Granville Barker Greek plays at Princeton, and I have earned nearly as much in a week as I did in a term as a freshman. I'm strong for Lillah McCarthy and Iphigenia. Of many others I will give you only the instance which I think gave me most satisfaction. Our new stadium was to be ready for the Yale game, and, as this was a very special

occasion, a number of us decided that we ought to have some particular thing which could be kept as a souvenir of this date in the college history. Two men got up a special programme. One of them is the fellow I told you about who can do everything and who does it well—my partner, in other words. I certainly congratulate myself on having a friend like that. It's worth the college course. This time I took complete charge of the selling. You remember what that programme was—one of the best things in that line we've ever gotten out here. The demand far exceeded the supply, though we ordered three times as many as had ever been used before on similar occasions.

### Keen Competition

Did I ever have any competition in selling programmes? I surely did. I once ran into an outsider, and I have to smile now when I think of the mean trick I played him. It was pretty tough, but I had to do it—and he was in the wrong. It was the first time I had ever been put in charge of selling the programmes, and the secretary had made it perfectly plain to me that

I was on trial; and it was in the days when I had to have jobs to live.

This is what happened. When I got down to the field and had distributed the programmes to the men selling for me and had assigned them their places, I found that a New York firm had gotten out a programme that had ours beat. This often happened in those days. Besides, they had street urchins to sell them, and, between you and me, they are usually better salesmen than students. They're more impudent and persistent and can snake through a crowd. Against that combination I didn't stand a chance, and for a while I had to watch their manager sell his programmes while my men were getting the cold shoulder; and I was thinking about what the secretary would say to me when I carried back the bundles of unsold programmes. I had an idea, and called over Hank the cop. I said:

"Hank, go over and see whether that man has a permit to sell. If he hasn't, arrest him for selling without a license, take him to the town hall, and make him buy one. Don't hurry, Hank; there's lots of time."

In my desperation I had hit the weak spot in my competitor's armor, and by the time he had walked a half-mile to the town hall, gone through the formalities, and returned I had sold my programmes. For the rest of the day I left the field to him.

But last fall at that stadium opening we had a programme that could compete to advantage with anything on the market, and we didn't have to bother about the other fellows.

You remember my first experience in selling programmes was as a freshman on the day of the Harvard-Princeton game, and I felt then that the five dollars I earned was the easiest money ever. At this game I had to look after about forty men who were selling programmes as I had sold them then. Each of those men was getting twice as much on every sale as I had earned as a freshman, and the heaps of programmes in their arms were simply melting away. My own share in the day's work, or rather in all the work that led up to that day, amounted to just about thirty-five times what I had cashed in for that first experience.

### Taking a Loaf

Well, wealth never did sit well on my shoulders. Oh, yes, I kept at my regular work. I was manager of the Pressing Establishment, did my work in the Distributing Agency, at the commons, and in the new schemes that turned up from time to time. But I suppose I felt too good over the success of that programme. At Thanksgiving I went home for only a day and then rushed off to spend the rest of the time up in New York State at my roommate's. But after Thanksgiving I ran into a slump and loafed until Christmas. I loafed so obtrusively that it got on my roommate's nerves, and I did it so hard that after loafing for three weeks I had to go home for a vacation. Most of the time I spent at parties. Yes, theatre and dancing parties.

But I came back and got into the mill again and began to grind once more.

Did I still have that old feeling of constraint? No, I didn't have it as I had it in freshman year, but a little of it was left. You will remember my

telling you that I had to learn the way of life of the undergrads, and that when I arrived in Princeton I didn't know what a dessert was. I had about caught up now and had come to a decision. For two years I had tried to do as they did. Now I was feeling far easier and freer in manner and speech. You can't help but improve unconsciously, and I had at times made a conscious effort. But now I had the sense of having served my apprenticeship and could act pretty much as they did. But in many things I decided that I preferred to be myself.

In what way? Oh, in many ways. My use of language, for instance. Do I use slang to my professors? Of course not. But when I wish to talk to a man that I know, I do it in my own language, and if slang expresses it better I use slang. If you have something to say to the other fellow, the important thing is to have him get it.

### Two Years to Make a College Man

Had my attitude toward college changed? Certainly. All this helped to bring about a change. During the first two years, besides feeling strange

I had the feeling of being handicapped. My previous training had not been of the best, and the ways of college life, as well as the ways of men generally, were new. Two years of running up against the same thing and going through the same mill had brought out fairly similar products.

If you want my opinion, it is this. It takes two years to make a college student; it takes two more to let him make of himself a college graduate. In junior and senior years I no longer had any sense of being handicapped; I felt that we were all running from scratch and it was a fair field and no favor. If some of us did fall behind, it was our own fault.

Had I acquired the feeling of independence? Yes, I felt that all doors were open and I could come and go as I chose. That is the feeling I now had about the world at large, and it is one of the finest things my coming to college has given me. I now feel that I can circulate freely not only in the class in which I grew up but with all sorts and conditions of men. But you can have independence and not have confidence. I was now beginning to be in that stage. Yes, I

had had enterprise before, but not confidence. What gave it to me? I will tell you what helped.

In my junior year I needed money, and wrote to my partner, who was out of town. I told him: "I have a deal on hand; send me fifty dollars." That isn't the way they did things where I came from. He showed his absolute faith in me by sending it on the next mail with no questions asked. By advancing that sum in that way he did far more than show fifty dollars' worth of confidence in me. He gave me confidence itself, because when some one else has faith in you and shows it you can't help getting a little yourself. When the check fell out of his letter I beamed all over inside. That was the start.

Of course, I was seeing a great deal more of the fellows than I had ever done before. I was in my room more of the time and in the rooms of my friends. We went to the movies together, shot a jigger now and then, and in the evening smoked a pipe and had a talk. I tell you I enjoyed some of those talks. I said once that when I came I didn't have the feeling that I belonged here. That was still true in a sense. I don't

mean that I still felt lost. That was gone long ago, but I didn't feel perfectly natural. There was so much of the unexpected in this college world for me that every now and then something still bobs up to prove that I haven't learned everything about it yet. It's a little bit like the feeling a man has just before an examination when he isn't well prepared. I didn't have the ways of society down cold, that's what I mean. I can illustrate.

The other day I saw a classmate who has worked his way like myself walking along the campus with a young lady. I met him later and began to jolly him about it. I said he looked unnatural, uncomfortable, and lost. He immediately took me up and offered to prove to me that he was perfectly natural. He did. This is the way he put it:

"For me it is natural to feel unnatural, uncomfortable, and lost when I am walking along the campus with a young lady."

"You win," I said.

I guess he had it on me. I didn't feel perfectly at home, but I was getting used to it, and of

course I am now far more comfortable in any kind of life than I ever was before.

## "The Ballad of Hard-Luck Henry"

Do you know "The Ballad of Hard-Luck Henry"? Well,

> "Hard-Luck Henry he was hoodoo-proof,
> He knew the way to lose."

That's pretty much the case. I don't want to pull any rah-rah or virtuoso stuff, but I want to make you understand if I can. It's like this. A fellow in my situation is bound to make mistakes. He is living in a different class of society and more or less frequently he puts his foot into it. Well, I had grown accustomed to making my occasional slip. I was becoming hoodoo-proof, and conscious that I was not at home, but I was not yet conscious of the mistakes I made when I made them. I always became conscious of them later.

In those conversations with the other boys—and we had many heart-to-heart talks that went to rock-bottom—I have learned that there is a

difference between fellows who come to college as I did and enter what might be called a strange world, and the fellows to the manner born. It's a question of psychology, a sort of dual-personality effect. Any time when I got back into my room after having been out in a crowd, especially if it had been a mixed company, I would sit down and begin to view myself objectively. I would see myself—yes, literally see myself—as if I were there on the stage going through all the scenes of that gathering, and criticise myself as I would an actor. My self in these situations was an entire stranger to me. I mean that literally. I was at the same time audience and actor, and usually I would end up by saying:

"Oh, what a dub you are! Why didn't you say so-and-so? Why didn't you do this instead of that?"

And each time I had learned something. But, after all is said and done, I'd rather get "ham and ——" down on Park Row than dine *à la mode* at the Astor.

## By Way of Diversion

What sort of amusement did I have? Everything was an amusement as I look back at it now. The joke was either on me or on somebody else, and I enjoyed it coming or going. You know the line:

"If you're up against it badly, then it's only one on you."

At that I wasn't up against it very often or very hard.

Yes, out of the faculty and out of my lessons I was getting pure enjoyment. No, I prefer not to talk about what I got from books, because I suppose it's much the same sort of thing the other fellows get out of them. There was, to be sure, now and then a lecture or lesson that was dry as dust, but out of most of them I got immense enjoyment, and especially, ever since my freshman year, out of my preceptorials. Honestly, I don't know anything I enjoyed more than preceptorial conferences with a good preceptor—everybody informal, everybody at home, everybody speaking his mind. The sense of work was gone, but you

had the sense of wrestling with ideas and getting both pleasure and profit out of them. But, in addition to the pleasure I got out of what studying I did, it was a great satisfaction to me to feel that I was getting also business training, independence, and confidence in myself.

### One Grand Recreation

I want to repeat that I have had a wonderful time. That's the impression I want you to get. This place has been one grand recreation, and this campus comes as near being a utopia as anything I have ever seen. You must remember what I told you before, that the kindliness of the fooling was something new to me, and there was something particularly pleasing in the attitude of good-fellowship and friendliness that prevails.

As I look back at it now I feel I got a great deal out of it. Most of it didn't come in the way I had expected. It didn't come from books. To me the greatest thing was learning how to talk and deal with my fellow men, and the opportunity which I have had of meeting fellows from

all walks of life and all parts of the country in the friendly and intimate way which I could never have enjoyed otherwise. Ninety per cent you are glad to know; nine per cent you are very glad to know; and one per cent you wouldn't have missed knowing for your life. I suppose the thing I treasure most about it is my friends.

In business, if I had gone into it, instead of coming to college, I am sure that I would have gotten a different standpoint and one which would have given me far less satisfaction in life. When I came here I held the opinion that everybody was trying to do you; that was the way of the world as I had seen it until then. I think I told you that the confidence and respect I had learned to have for my fellow man meant a great deal to me. Then you can't help being a little more tolerant after seeing different classes of fellows and learning their various characteristics. I respect any one's belief now, even if it's in the white elephant.

Well, this sense of close friendship and unity of interest with many men is more to me than anything else, because I never dreamed that it

could exist. Yes, college men are different as a class from the men I would have met outside. If before I came here I had met some one who was doing something shady I would have said: "Well, that's life." But if now after I get out I should run across any classmate of mine doing something crooked, it would break me up pretty badly. And, between you and me, I don't think that will happen.

Well, since this last spring came my life with my classmates here has been a delight which I could not describe. Of course, college students have faults that are peculiarly their own. One of them is the notion that they are superior to the men outside. It's not to be wondered at. We have been down here for four years, and every man of national or international reputation who has come to lecture has spoken about like this:

"You are the men who are going to be the leaders of the nation."

We get it from all sides, and pretty soon some of us fool ourselves into the belief that it's true, and when such a chap goes out he looks at the

poor shopkeeper or laborer from pretty far up and says:

"You poor boob, who are you? I am a leader of the nation."

### What Might Have Been

What would I have done if I had never come to college and had stayed at home? The chances are that I would have done what almost everybody else around there was doing. I would have gone down to the rubber-mill. In that case it would now be about time for me to be showing traces of tuberculosis. It's literally true that on an average down there they get a touch of tuberculosis after four years and in ten years are physical wrecks. I know a great many fellows who were brought up with me who have gone to pieces in that rubber-mill.

Why should I regret that I had to work my way? After my first year I could have stopped work. I didn't want to. There are always a lot of people who want to help you and make it easy for you. At the end of my sophomore year the father of one of my classmates very gener-

ously offered to loan me the money to pay my expenses. I certainly appreciated the spirit in which that offer was made. But long before that time I had made up my mind that I was going to see this thing through myself, and I was having so good a time that I hated to let any one else in on it. If I have stolen some of the time from my studies and devoted it to business, I don't think that time has been wasted in any sense, and, though I should have liked to have earned my Phi Beta Kappa key, I'm satisfied as it is. So are the folks at home, who, with the people in the old neighborhood, were doubtful when I first made my long fifty-mile journey. Since things have gone so well with me, as they will with any one, three other fellows have come from my old school, so that there are four of us now. One of them is my brother, and I have two more who are now anxious to come to college.

### Looking Forward

What am I going to do next? Oh, I'm not worrying. At the time when I came down here as a freshman I was uncertain about everything.

I had my fists clinched. It was the feeling that everybody was going to try to knock me off my feet. It's different now. I have the feeling that everything is going to turn out all right. I remember one of my preceptors told us that when Alexandre Dumas first came to Paris he had twenty francs, and that after having made millions and lost them, on his death-bed he called his son to him and said: "They reproach me with having been prodigal. It's no such thing. I came to Paris with twenty francs. I have kept them. There they are." And he pointed to the purse on the mantel. It contained just twenty francs. That's all he had left, but he was satisfied to have broken even in this game of life.

Well, when I came to Princeton first I had three dollars. I have saved money. I'll have at least that much when I leave. So I shall certainly be as rich as I was then, and I'm carrying away with me a lot that you can't measure in money.

## The Wide, Wide World

I am booked up to June 15, and I hate to look ahead to the time when they begin to put the fellows through the car-windows, and when our little crowd dwindles away. It makes me feel pretty blue to think that very soon this class, with which I have spent the best four years of my life, will scatter and never meet again with all present. For even at reunions some will be absent. It sort of breaks you up—you can't help it. I hate to think of leaving them, but I am anxious to get started. And, of course, at first I shall go home.

No, I'm not going to stick in my old town. After a few days I'll make my start at something, and it will be: "Good-by, mother; so-long, folks; I'm going."

Me for the "wide, wide world."